Better Speech

THE)KMAN

AS SHE IS SPOKE

BY RICHARD BURTON

WHEN a mayor of a large western city says "has went" twice in a public speech, and a governor of a great eastern state in public utterance declares that "it ain't in my heart to hurt any man", it gives one a piquant sense of the democracy of language in these United States. It seems a reversion of Lowell's ideal for good English: "the speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar". We get a charming picture of proletariat and pedants amiably exchanging idiom, while school "larnin'" goes glimmering, and go-as-you-please is the order of the day. Why bother about the form of sentences, when vital questions are for settling, and when to make others understand your meaning is the main purpose of words? That, at least, appears to be the general view. No wonder Brander Matthews speaks of English as a "grammarless tongue". America has done and is doing her full share to make it so.

This popularization of the mother tongue—or democracy working out and through the daily speech of men in a vast, heterogeneous population like ours—affords both amusement and instruction to one who wanders up and down the land, listening with both ears, and a receptive mind. City locutions, the argot of the street, the country twang, the talk with a burr to it of twenty differing occupations, the sectional varieties of the language inherited from England and infinitely twisted over here to meet our manifold necessities,—with these in view, who can doubt that Mr. Mencken is right in speaking of the "American language"? And it were more accurate to say there are a dozen American languages. The shrewd Yankee still uses his quaint understatement, the drawl of the South registers the easygoing mood of the inhabitants, and the racy brag of the plains is by no means absent from the idiom of the great West. Meanwhile, grammar has a hard time of it. Beecher, it may be recalled, once said that when grammar got in his way, it didn't have the ghost of a show: that is exactly the position of the mighty

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multitude who today maltreat the parts of speech, and seek a short cut to an idea by whatever word or phrase seems handy. One recalls the cowboy who made a trip to Paris and was asked by his bunkie on returning to the big plains, how he had got along with French; to which he answered: "I got along fine, but French had the hell of a time". English has that sort of time in the United States, but the people are perfectly happy about it. Why worry? A few professors are hired, at very small pay, to do that, and the populace prefers to do its suffering vicariously.

The pundit, the pedant, and the professor who are fain to stem the turbid tide of popular vernacular may suffer pain; but they can have little influence on the situation. Even collegebred folk revert to type and use people's speech—when they are out from under the restraining, corrective monitions of academic haunts—in a way to shock, amuse, or encourage, according to the point of view. Artificial book-speech is struggled for in recitation halls; then forth issue the vital young, and just beyond the door, real talk is heard once more: the words and sentences that come hot from the heart, eagerly from emotional reactions, spontaneously representing the feelings rather than a state of mind supposed to be proper. To see a pupil who on trial solemnly declares that two nouns call for a plural verb, hasten out into the happy sunshine and immediately begin to do what the race always has done—including truly idiomatic writers—namely, use a singular verb on all such occasions, is only depressing to those who place the letter before the spirit which is life.

I happened to be reared in Connecticut, where Congregationalism is very strong, and my father was a clergyman of this denomination. Naturally, I grew up with the idea that this particular sect was the true religious centre of the land. It was a real shock, I remember, the day I discovered that among good friends of the family were numbered Episcopalians, and even Baptists. But the complete disillusionment came when, by chance encountering statistics in a religious paper (I have never believed in statistics since), I learned that the Methodists far outnumbered the other Protestant denominations, and that the Catholics beat them all! At that moment, the ways of God with men seemed inscrutable to my young mind.

And it is exactly so about language. Carefully brought up in New England, one faces life in the confirmed opinion that Boston is the city of the law, and that nobody worth while would say, "It's me", whatever the provocation. But after meeting that idiom in writers like Stevenson, Kipling, and many others who truthfully and skilfully report the uses of polite people in the British isles, one is forced to the terrible conclusion that over there, at least, there has been a fall from grace, illustrating the total depravity of well-educated human beings. One even finds so horrid a locution as "It's them",—which is a further descent, that we know is so easy, to Avernus. Or confine the observation to our own country: I was reared where to say, "like I am", was to become déclassé at once. As a student at Johns Hopkins, however, I began to hear this manner of talking from college professors and Baltimore belles, if they chanced to be Southerners. This led to reflection, and, stimulated by wide wanderings in that charming section of the land, the inquirer came to realize that there is a pretty good argu-

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ment for *like* in place of *as*, thus: the Bible has it, "like as a father pitieth his children"; the cultivated East struck out the word *like*, and said "*as* a father"; the cultivated South struck out *as*, and said "*like* a father"—and there you are! It is a sectional difference in idiom, and *like*, having a sort of familiar charm about it, throve, and spread all over the West, and at present enjoys a lusty life, and will, despite all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, being a New Englander, I don't take to it kindly myself; but I do get a naughty thrill of pleasure when it comes from the mouths of others,—especially when accompanied by the inimitable grace in utterance of southern women.

In Nashville, Tennessee, last summer I happened to run into the expression, "We didn't get to go", and at once pricked up my linguistic ears. It came from a person of excellent educational credentials, too. My only knowledge of it before was in Clare Kummer's piece, "A Successful Calamity", where it was put on the lips of a servant. But now I heard it from one whose sheepskin hangs decoratively on the wall. And was unregenerate enough to like it, and be glad that so happy a phrase lived to add savor to more conventional speech. When I was a freshman in college, our English teacher, beloved by all who had the good luck to get his ministrations, told us one day that by the time we were middle-aged, all educated folk would be saying, "you was". I am surprised that he did not lose his job. But he was wrong: having reached middle age, or worse, I find so-called-educated men and women still favoring "you were", whatever the practice of the impolite. Yet, who shall say that we may not come to even that? It is so natural, so easy, so logical, to normalize, "I was, you was, they was"! It certainly sounds vulgar in the extreme, and personally I could not do it, not even for a prize. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Meanwhile, the masses will say "you was", if they want to, and they mostly do.

Twenty years ago, on first going West, I was interested and amused to encounter a new idiom which seemed rather a felicitous one. Students at a large state university always referred to themselves as "going to school". The word *school* was used in its broad, inclusive sense to take in the college part of schooling, instead of confining the meaning to that aspect of training which leads up to the college and university — perhaps. There was a pleasing touch of quaintness about such a term, and it reminded you that all the world's a school, and the distinctions between this or that subdivision in the preparation for life merely arbitrary and shallow—a matter of verbal convenience.

Or consider the word *them* for a moment. If we make any pretense to nice speech we are careful to give the four letters their full vocal value; or we do on dress parade. But how many of my readers (and nobody but the élite reads THE BOOKMAN, need I say) dare look me in the face and declare that in the rushing exigencies of human intercourse they do not say "I told 'em to go", and other such short cuts to the communication of thought? In public utterance, in the starched self-consciousness of the drawing-room, on formal occasions in general, I grant you that we all say *them*. But in the innumerable rapid-fire moments of life, which means about three-fourths of it; in business, pleasure, and the pursuit of happiness, I think

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it will be well to own up that *'em* is a constant phenomenon. This is not to defend it, but for the pure joy of telling the truth. The Elizabethan dramatists were more honest, even in the written word; for open their plays in any edition not doctored up for college consumption, and you shall find their pages crowded with *'ems*, which simply registers the contemporary fact that that was the way people really spoke. And the philologist is aware that of old the sound represented by the letters *em* was the regular pronunciation, and not the sound *them* at all; so that there is an ancient reason for the apparent modern corruption. The contemporary person, however, who says "I'll get 'em right away", doesn't do it for any such kowtowing to the past, but because it is crisp, concise, and above all, easy. Economy has always been a law of language; the anxious pedagogue has a tendency to call it slovenliness; but the vast company of those who make speech quite independent of grammarians and all their kind, will go right ahead complacently violating what is mentioned as proper, not even making any difference between a proper and an improper noun, or any other parts of speech. It is all very sad and amusing.

When, with the United States in view, you come to consider the onslaught upon American English sustained by the attack from the fifty tongues of Zangwill's "Melting Pot", you fairly gasp before the situation. That Tower of Babel incident seems like a linguistic tempest in an old-fashioned teapot, in comparison. Who shall inflect the verb of the future or parse the parts of speech, when the changes have wrought their full effect? The cities with their swift attritions and steady tendency to disintegrate any speech that is deep set in grooves, will be always held back and modified by the wholesome archaisms of the countryside, which always favors the old, and as a rule preserves the fine, full-flavored effects once in fashion but now become rustic. Out of the blend, an amalgam must come. The changes will include the actual choice of words and the arrangement of words in the sentence; and the speech-tune, or manner of speaking, will be part of the revolution, the result of which no man can foretell. Education will have its work cut out for it as never before, since it has to face a polyglot problem such that, to hand on English as it has been inherited from the past, becomes a gigantic task, a task never equaled in magnitude and difficulty in earlier days. English has to be intelligibly spoken, not alone as a practical convenience in the interchange of thought, but as a unifying power in Americanization.

And just because of the immense importance of this ideal, we must not be pettily linguistic, but rather take a broad, generous, human view in respect of language use; remembering that language was made for man and not man for language. Standards must be maintained, but not to the exclusion of human sympathy, human comprehension, human touch. Language as it is formally reflected upon by specialists is one thing; language as it is in the making by the people at large is another. Speech, the truly vital speech of any nation, is a quick, hit-or-miss product of the emotions. It is made on the run, and can never be restrained within the careful, neat parterres of precise rules and regulations. It is a wild flower growth, not the artificial result of the gardener's

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cultivation. If the Creole, the Scandinavian, the Pennsylvania Dutch, and the East Side Hebrew can contribute an occasional felicitous flavor, the sturdy English tongue, which has weathered many a storm, may decide to incorporate such additions or modifications, let the learned say what they will. A borrowing of this sort is not necessarily vulgar or corrupt, though it may be, and sometimes is; in which case, it should be strangled.

The King James version of the Bible became a people's book largely because it used the plain speech of men, and so freshened literary parlance. The same was true of Luther's translation of the Scriptures. A generation ago, certain great Norwegian writers, moved by the same instinct, turned to the so-called Landsmal or folk speech in order to reinvigorate their tongue; and reading the vernacular of Ibsen and Björnson today, we get the benefit of it. In short, that is the history of all language shaping. It comes from the people, and the people keep it alive by their unconventional manipulation, whenever it is in danger of becoming too dry, formal, literary, and hence dead.

So it is in the United States. We must keep it respectable, but we must also keep it fresh, changeful, happily sensitive to anything that is expressive and aquiver with life. Nor need we be too much alarmed when we see sectional English, warm on the mouths of men, or set upon the printed page by the more adventuresome writers, freshening the flow of speech as it always has done in this world, and improving a thing that might otherwise become static and stodgy, by the introduction of picturesque local elements. The patois of today may and often has become the accepted speech of a long tomorrow. Chaucer wrote in a dialect; but he became the first great English poet.

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THE ROMANCE OF JEFFERY FARNOL

BY J. P. COLLINS

SOMETHING of the utter weariness of Faust must needs ensue upon a surfeit of modern fiction. Now that Atlas is settling into his stride again, we begin to see that the majority of the younger novelists have come through the war rather badly. They were well enough for a prewar public accustomed to regard the printed word as the first and last thing worth considering. They stuck to the rules and followed their models conscientiously. They strained their eyesight through the spectacles of Empire à la Kipling; they dazzled themselves with the flying films of science under the rod of Mr. Wells. The world went very well then, in a way. Reviewers perspired; "libraries" and advertising agents flourished; but the Muses languished, and no wonder.

Then came Thor with his hammer, as foretold by the prophet Heine, and where is that party now? There is evidence that some of these half-budded fictionists have escaped into the journalistic haven; others mope among the ruins of official propaganda; others again have descended into Parliament. There is hope for some, a livelihood for most, and experience for all,—which is just as it should be, for experience above everything is what these paper-wasters lacked. They had been cosseted and dandled into literary articulation, and had perished at the first encounter with realities. It is true that the deliverance is incomplete. But the mischief is out, and one hopes the public has learned to distinguish at last between writers who have been suckled upon print and swaddled into authorship, and those who have seen the world and found something to say.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol is a healthy example of the point at stake. There are few of our novelists as independent of place or period, though some admirers would territorialize him in the county of Kent, and others might pin him to the era of the gay Prince Regent. But the characteristics common to his work are racial and permanent, and he would probably admit that his best asset has been a knock-about experience of life. After all, this is no new doctrine. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness, and plenty of sound romancers have learned in the school of adversity how to keep their readers in good spirits. Worldly prosperity, as William James declared, lacks "the great initiation", and what holds good in the spiritual sphere holds equally true of imaginative writing. Certain good fairies round Mr. Farnol's cradle were none the worse for seeming otherwise. Besides a father who could infect the household with his love of books, and a mother who was all affectionate en-

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couragement, he had this advantage in disguise, that he was born amid dingy surroundings and had to rough it. Only a loyal Midlander like the present writer, who knew Birmingham in the 'seventies and 'eighties, is likely to strike the right balance of allowances and perceive what such an environment meant. London caught our author young, but he was to have another spell of Ironopolis before he turned out into the world, like the younger Weller, to play at leapfrog with its troubles. He was luckier than some of us, for he got a chance of trying engineering; and luckier still, perhaps, that he soon left it behind. One of his few successes was to scale a factory stack for a wagered florin, and those who know what "Brum" could produce in the way of chimneys will see that here was a youngster nothing could daunt.

On the other hand, no factory of brass or iron could hold a lad who was drawing audiences with story-telling when he was not drawing caricatures. Farnol's vein of artistry was irrepressible. He tried ironwork, carpentering, jewelry, the brush, and goodness knows what else. At Westminster Art School he made a lifelong friend of Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist; but he was shaping for deeper moorings still. He married the daughter of an American scene-painter, Mr. Hawley, and went west with them to pursue his studies in comparative indigence, or what would have proved so but for his father-in-law. Through him Farnol obtained a post in the scenic studios of the Astor Theatre, and after a deal of windmill work, proceeded to paint miles of chequered panorama as a background to prevent the fine aroma of the stage from evaporating before it crossed the footlights. In between whiles he found time to write a tale which three American firms refused, one on the express ground that it was "too English and too long". Time has brought revenges, especially in America, but not before this bad rebuff was beaten by a worse. An actor colleague took the manuscript to Boston to try its luck there, but Boston lost a chance of joining the chorus of negation. For the actor brought it back, grubbier than ever; it had lain at the bottom of his trunk, forgotten and undisturbed. Not even Peter, its hero, ever had better occasion to rail against the "cussedness" of fate.

That tale was "The Broad Highway", and even broad highways will sometimes turn. Luckily this one, like the bells in the nursery ditty, led the author back to London. His wife, rescuing the manuscript from perdition, sent it to an old friend of the family, who in a long and busy career of sporting journalism had kept his soul alive for literature. Beneath the 'prentice hand he caught the gleam of real romance, and Shirley Byron Jevons was never the man to let good work or good enthusiasm die. He offered it to Mr. Rymer, of Sampson Low, a kindred and discerning spirit, and thus the firm that found "Lorna Doone" had lit upon another gem of price. Their admiration was infectious. Mr. Jevons sent me an advance copy when I was in charge of the literary pages of a well-known daily, with just a line to say that here was a feather for the cap of my native town. Once the first chapter was read, the recommendation was needless. I flung the bush away to enjoy the wine the more, and in real sincerity gave it all the praise I could on the day of publication. The worst to be said of the story of Cleone was that she hardly hove in sight until the book was nearly

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halfway through. But in launching the reader upon chance adventures in oldtime taverns and the margins of the Kentish roads, the author had followed the vogue of Fielding and Smollett, and where shall you find better models? What is more, he had made his tale a parable of existence, where your way winds through a forest of characters before you chance upon the sunshine and the ordered landscape of your choice,—if ever. And the closing chapters that go to the winning and deliverance of Cleone mount as near to rapture as any reader well may ask, short of the eloquence of "perfect music married unto noble words".

America was just as instant to greet the new novelist, and Mr. Jenkins, of Little, Brown and Company, worked as hard for the book as Mr. Jevons and Mr. Rymer. The result is that Mr. Farnol has never looked back; and in a short time he was placing serial rights with "McClure's" at fabulous rates before title was fixed or the scenario dry upon the paper. What was the reason for this simultaneous success upon both sides of the Atlantic? America was producing first-class novelists of her own, and this newcomer had never stirred a finger to touch any of the soft spots with which she is accredited. Indeed there is something truly Midland in the sturdy independence with which he followed his bent from first to last, and studied neither markets nor fashions in the framing of his work. The short cut is boldest and best in the long run. He has had no need to make a set bid for western readers, because he has gone to the true source of romance for all his wizardry of scene and character, of situation and conceit. He has drawn upon the main stops of simple emotion, and has needed no others. Consciously or otherwise, he has been guided by Wordsworth's doctrine,—

> We live by admiration, hope, and love,—

and the rest is simple. That is why the past seems merely a backcloth for projecting his creations to the focus he requires; and if ever he writes of the future, he will be well advised to remain as simple and as bold as before, and as true to the primary colors of good and evil.

There was a time when I used to think that Farnol took his cue from an American book, "Monsieur Beaucaire". The times agree, for Booth Tarkington's book came first by a decade, and there is internal evidence that "The Broad Highway" was preceded in the writing by "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish", which I take to be the slightest thing that Farnol has done, and the most reminiscent of the stage. But whether this conjecture is a right one or not,—and there is nothing belittling about it, for "Beaucaire" is admirable feigning,—there is nothing derivative about Farnol save that he has gone, as already said, to the primal sources, where Spenser and the Elizabethans went, the idylists from Theocritus to Morris and Maeterlinck, the pastoral players and the gentler of the minstrels, and the authors of "Roland" and "The Romaunt of the Rose" and "Aucassin et Nicolette".

Give an audience their fill of love and fighting, of injustice and suspense,—of well-planned rescue and cunningly-contrived surprise, and they will not greatly disturb themselves about the rules of probability or the "supercheries" of scholarship. The more he plunges into the unfathomable wealth of the dark or twilight ages, the more Mr. Farnol may be

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trusted to perceive how they have been misdescribed by ignorance, libeled by neo-sectarianism, and obscured by the crude light of the "revival of learning". The ages that built the cathedrals we behold and the abbeys that have perished, that built up a peerless code of chivalry, that waged the crusades against terrific odds of distance and of nature, and crossed the known world in every direction with a never-ending come-and-go of seafarers and merchants and craftsmen, of pilgrims and gleemen and scholars, could hardly have been the vast slough of barbarism that our present-day ignorance and pride pretend. Mr. Farnol is not above crowding his chorus with the self-colored villain beyond redemption or the pantomime monk with the venison pie. His Latin gives one the shivers. He mixes his *thee's* and his *ye's*, and precisians may murmur at his forms of archaic diction. But he never plays down to modern complacency or bigotry, and he does not burden our credulity without compensation. If, as Roosevelt said, imagination in the historian is quite compatible with minute accuracy, most readers would say that occasional inaccuracy in detail need not disturb imagination in romance. If Farnol makes a slip in the way of detail, or lapses into excess, he preserves the most important thing, and that is atmosphere. Above all, he keeps a gentle undertone of sanity alive and resonant, whatever be the key or movement. There is always a note of gaiety reigning through his work, like the glimmer of daylight through the tree-tops, to remind you that somewhere through his favorite "boskage" the open country is awaiting us and the smiling sunset of a happy ending.

One faculty Mr. Farnol has had in his favor all along, and without it he might have failed, charm he never so wisely. The canakin may clink, and the tucket resound, till the galled jade wince, and all that; you may embroider your dialogues with time-honored proverbs and snatches of old rounds and ballads; and deck your marginal characters with every sort of ejaculation and eccentricity, but without a healthy sense of humor it all rings hollow. The greatest addition to the annals of our time, Hardy's "Dynasts", never rises to its real dimensions on the horizon of our admiration until it brings into its survey the element of wayside comedy, and indulges the play of homely wits upon the cosmic issues going forward. Here, thanks to his first-hand study of the English roads, Mr. Farnol has been able to enliven his canvas with genial oddities like the Ancient and the Bos'un and Black George. They sweeten the diabolism of gentry like Chichester and Sir Maurice Vibart and Duke Ivo, and persuade us that even in sinister times the good greenwood harbored simple souls pervaded by a cheerful and reckless equanimity. There is no doubt they make enormously for Mr. Farnol's widespread popularity. Mr. Balfour a few years ago put in a wholesome plea for a gayer note in our romances. And this power of keeping a blithe heart beating through a stirring tale is more needed nowadays than the "lovely and immortal privilege" Leigh Hunt spoke about, "that can stretch its hand out of the wastes of time and touch our eyelids with tears".

Our author, with a decade of good work to his credit, is still a young man as writers go, and it is idle to pontificate about a man who may yet surmount his own high-water mark. There are Noctes Farnolianæ to come

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perhaps which may dispense with the highborn heroine, endowed with glamourous beauty and a commanding temper which beats itself away upon the hero's constancy of purpose. They should certainly excel minor work like "Mr. Tawnish", "The Chronicles of the Imp", and "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn", which are the leisure rambles of a summer afternoon compared with the fortunes of Beltane or Barnabas. Only last year "Our Admirable Betty" reassured us that the author's powers remain as fertile as ever while his grip grows firmer. This sufficiency appeared in the film version of "The Amateur Gentleman", recently produced, which showed with all the present imperfections of the cinema, what a rich field for strife and surprise the Farnol novels are. He has acquired unmistakable skill in the use of what the engineer calls "baffle-plates" and artists call the conflict of emotion.

It is rumored among the gossips that Mr. Farnol is at work in a new vein which should suit him to perfection. Should he succeed, he will deserve well of us all, and if he fails, he has plenty of admirers to welcome him ashore. But he will not fail, we may depend, for want of hard work, intensity of realization, or that vivid and devil-may-care imagination which is the province where he most excels. To frame a tale of derring-do with splendid seriousness is something, to call up a vision of womanly virtue tried and resurgent, or to interest us in the commerce and traffic of the countryside in the green heart of a typical English shire. But without the sure touch and penetration of the artist, without the easy swing of a protean narrative, the retention of the reader's interest, and the atmosphere that blends all truly, toil is apt to be thrown away. The worthy Sir Egerton Brydges was just such an example of unattaining effort. His romances are dusty and forgotten now, and hardly repay the turning over; but he had the root of the matter in him when he wrote that "nothing is so happy to itself and so attractive to others as a genuine and ripened imagination that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness". And if those are not marks of the Farnol romances, then they are beyond analysis.

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MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

INDIANAPOLIS, *June*, 1920.

I'VE been searching all about and I can't find that thing to save my life. Well, no matter. I only thought of it, anyhow, because it reminded me of something else. You see, when I got into town they were putting on another one of those why-Indianapolis-is-the-best-city-to-live-and-do-business-in-of-any-place-on-earth campaigns. Nicholson wrote a thingumbob on the theme, which was got up into a circular. That was what I was looking for—the copy I had of this circular. Perhaps not so good a publicity circular, but certainly a more authentic piece of literature, is another document on the same theme, which I have in my hand. It was written by one Martha Rosalind Long, a very youthful person to whom I have the honor to be a cousin. It was written to fulfil an assignment given to all the students in the grade schools of the city. It opens thus: "I am going to talk stern to you just as I would if we were eye to eye."

I wish I could tell you all about Christian Science, but (I've just been glancing at my watch) I doubt whether I have time. Anyhow, this I must say, I have been much strengthened by it; and I recommend, to all young men, the study of its doctrine—cultivated, that is, as it was by me. Christian Science (as I grasp it) is a tall, rather slender, firmly-built young lady, with abundant dark hair, a fair and honest face, musical voice, decidedly capable, somewhat serious-minded, born in the north of England, "translated" (as she puts it) to this country as a child, and now (so she declares) "a Hoosier". Perhaps there is some confusion in my mind between the charm of my priestess and the tenets of her faith. However that may be, as on pleasant afternoons we walked by the sparkling, rushing waters (of the exceedingly stagnant and murky canal which plies toward Indianapolis), I received (in what I was told were "elementary" lessons) the knowledge that the power was mine to make and to keep myself whole.

Two things about the principles presented to my mind somewhat troubled me. For one thing, they seemed to supply nothing beyond a working philosophy for living this life; and has not man always sought from anything like a religion some answer to the immemorial and eternal question of (as Francis Hackett, in one of his excellent articles, puts it) "where do we go from here?" Also, it struck me that "Science" was somewhat lacking in emotional quality—that, as a subject of communion, it did not altogether fulfil the occasion: a man and a maiden, newly acquainted, strolling beneath budding trees along the towpath of a quaint canal.

It's a bright little park (Monet-blue on misty days), the handsome, long, low Federal Building to the south of it, and from the north, nestled in a row of other structures, the

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pretty little building of the Bobbs-Merrill Company brightly overlooks it. And there, when fortune favors you, you may find as agreeable a gentleman as you would care to see. I have never "got" exactly what the official title is of Hewitt Hanson Howland in relation to this company, but as well as I can make out he seems to run the editorial end of the business.

He is a type I greatly fancy; a bit of a dandy. And much did I relish again the just-stepped-out-of-a-bandbox effect of this young man as we made our greetings. I suppose some who look at the pleasant grey of his neatly-barbered hair might say that now he is not so much a young man as he once was. Pooh! Smart, slender, alert, flexible, what have a few years, more or less, done to Hewitt, other than to add still more lustre to an impeccable polish?

To dinner, then, with Mr. and Mrs. Howland at the University Club, and afterward to an excellent amateur performance of "The Misleading Lady", given by the Dramatic Club of the city. A sister, Mrs. Howland, of Irvin Cobb; but an *altogether* different type of beauty, *quite* dissimilar in the charm of her very pronounced appeal.

The club: one of the oldest institutions in Indianapolis. Performances given four times a year. A dance afterward. No admission charged to members or for guests. All affairs financed by club dues. Tarkington president when he was about twenty-four. There tonight—with that beak of his, shoulders hooked up, in his dress coat, standing a bit up the stairway (in the intermission) looking a good deal like a huge and curious bird out of the Bronx zoo.

"Yes", said Nicholson,—we were again at luncheon,—"they were the aristocracy of Indiana." He meant the Protestant minister pioneers (they were generally Methodists) and the families they reared. Booth Tarkington was of this sturdy stock. And so, —though a gentleman very cleverly introduced me the other day as one "born in Indiana but who had never been west of the Hudson River,"—and so can this be a boast of mine. Nicholson cannot, as he should be able to do, claim a Hoosier minister grandfather. But his "folks" (as he would say) in early days came over the long trail from North Carolina, through Kentucky, to Indiana, a hardy and (as was the habit of strong men of their time) a God-fearing lot. An Episcopalian was Nick, first by inheritance, and then by baptism, at about the age of two. I have been at some pains to state this matter clearly in order to explain the measure of my interest in the discourse this day of Meredith Nicholson, and his curiosity as to things spiritual.

"At any rate," he was saying, "our grandfathers, yours and mine, *believed* in something. They believed in hell, for one thing. Nowadays there is little in the churches, the Protestant churches, but uplift, social service sentiment, and that kind of thing. You go to a minister today and he rather apologizes for his Faith.

"You say to him: 'I'd like to belong to this church, but there are a number of things in Scripture teaching which I have great difficulty in accepting.' And he replies: 'Oh, well; God does not require us to believe more than we can.'

"No, Protestantism has done its work, has had its liberalizing influence, has made its great contribution to the world, and can never again be anything like the force in history that it was.

"Indeed, the only church at hand

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which stubbornly stands for a definite faith is the Roman Catholic. Gives you a great sense of power. The mothering of the world—you've got to admit there's something very appealing in the idea."

Now, I will talk with any man on any subject (except baseball, which, to my mind, ought to be abolished), and if I will walk a half-mile to talk with a man about painting, and a mile to prove him all wrong about literature, twain will I walk (in the rain) to hear him out on the subject of religion. So we fell to.

Mr. Nicholson, he declares, could tell the priests of America a thing or two about how to take advantage of the present spiritual unrest. For one thing (it is his opinion), the church over here should technically be much more separated from its head at Rome, as "it is now practically an independent institution, anyway". He recited the scenario of an essay he said he would write if he ever got time on some such subject as "How Much Can Man Believe?" Quoted Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Emerson in a breath.

Today he inscribed his check: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." I observed the tall negro who attended us puckering his lips and knitting his brows as, slowly withdrawing, he earnestly endeavored to dig some meaning from this line. As he neared the cashier's desk a message of some kind from it seemed to have reached his mind, as he suddenly relaxed in a gesture of mirth, and, with a gleaming grin, slapped his thigh.

It was, indeed, a great pity—a great pity that I should not be able to stay over next week in order to see the performance of "Bubbles", advertised as "A Musical Froth Benefit of the Boys' Club", and in which Nick was to be a "black-face" and do a song turn. Rehearsing for the event now he was every day at noon in a room he had obtained for this purpose at my hotel.

"You see that lady going there," he suddenly said; "she teaches classes in ballet dancing, and has a long waiting list. Put *that* in your book: they teach the ballet in Indianapolis—long waiting list."

* * * *

Startling! Stunning! Elevator man in this hotel looks exactly like James Whitcomb Riley. "Sure," said our publicity man, "had feature story, with picture, in the papers when we got him. He never saw Riley."

Had promised to communicate with Tarkington to make an appointment to have a little visit with him. No telephone number listed. "Information" refused information. Ran into a friend of his (he must have been a very good friend, with a jealous regard for Tark's elaborately fortified seclusion) who gave me a number. "Hello! This Mr. Tarkington's house?" "Naw, stockyards." Tried another number suggested to me. Got Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Admirable journal: "Annals of Medical History". Recommend it to all students of literature. Read in a recent number of it, while waiting in his office for him, several poems by Dr. McCulloch (fine one entitled "Campiegne"), and an excellent article, "The Sterility of Catherine de Medici". McCulloch, when he turned up, told me he had just put Tarkington to bed with a severe attack of indigestion. Had the night before eaten some lobster, or something.

Most extraordinary thing! I had been deriving considerable entertain-

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ment from the effect about me of my sensational illness. It had become the literary event of the season in the Wabash valley. I remember an English novel I one time read in which was a little boy who had never seen the sea. This situation with him had become noised about in the train as he was on his way to the coast. When the spectacle which he had never beheld came within view excitement became general. The revelation of his answer awaited with bated breath, he was asked from every side: "How do you feel now?" So with me, my inner workings day by day a subject of keen and popular attention—how did I feel now? *But*, I had no notion of the possibility of my starting an epidemic, of my taking it up making acute indigestion the fashion.

Yes, Hewitt declared *I* had done it. He looked wan. Had been laid up for a couple of days. Bad case of indigestion.

Easter: first thing I saw, in a front room of the Nicholson house, was an extraordinary collection of musical instruments, conspicuous among them a bass-drum, the other engines of sound unfamiliar to me off the vaudeville stage. Wouldn't that flabbergast you! I thought. If he hasn't, in addition to suddenly taking to traveling about with a professional dancing partner (about which I had been hearing much) and rehearsing to be a "nigger" minstrel, gone and become what Riley's poem calls a "little man in a tin shop"!

I was shown by the maid into a room opening onto the opposite side of the hall, and examined this apartment while I waited. Walls lined with books; large oil painting of Tark, overcoat on, crouching in a chair (in effect the work of a promising student); among the framed photographs two of Henry James, and one of a figure (that of his father, presumably) in the uniform of a Union officer of the Civil War.

There is a daughter, Chelsea-china-shepherdess type, newly turned twenty, engaged (though I heard that her father was horrified at the idea of anyone being engaged before at least thirty or so), and two sons, each in the neighborhood of two-thirds grown.

Said Nick, as he finished his soup: "Now a good deal has been written about old tombstones, and the inscriptions on them, and so on; but a good and a new idea for an essay" (he is all the while throwing out to me most generously ideas for essays) "would be this: go to a costly bridge, or some other civic monument, read on the handsome bronze tablet there the names of the honorable councilmen who caused it to be erected, and then look up how many of them are now in jail."

About those feet. It may be funny that some of our recent literary visitors from London had such large feet that no shoe store over here could fit them with overshoes. But what happened to Nick? With his long, narrow feet, into a store in Boston, or Philadelphia, or some such place, to be told that they did not "cater" to "the Southern trade".

Dancing! Learned it at forty-eight. Didn't learn before because he didn't believe he could. They tried to teach him in early life by the counting method. And he never could learn anything that went one, two, three. Discovered only lately that, with the right partner, you could learn to dance by just pitching in and beginning right off to dance, without any one-two-three business at all. Highly recommends it for one subject to in-

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digestion, as he is. And, by the way, had he told me that he had just had a bad attack? Pretty near in bed with it.

"Meredith," said Mrs. Nicholson, "you know it is Easter."

"Why, yes," said Nick; "of course I know it is."

"Wasn't it at Easter," she asked, "that you declared you were going to enter the Catholic church?"

"Well," said Nick, as though thoughtfully feeling about in his mind for an explanation, "I guess it's because I've been so busy I didn't get around to it." Then, brightening up: "I'll enter at Whitsuntide."

Well, I declare! Not Nick, after all, but the younger son it was who belonged to that layout of tom-toms in the front room. And after dinner this locally celebrated trap-drummer (as I learned he was) gave a very finished performance in all the high complexity of his art: victrola turned on, leaping from place to place, pounding with a variety of sticks on this and that, in effect all at once.

Excellent study—superstitions. What's that fellow's name? Frazer, or something like that. Wrote that enormous book in a number of huge volumes, "The Golden Bough, a Study in Magic and Religion". Grand book! Can be read in for weeks at a stretch. You never tire of it. Full of fascinating stuff about the superstitions of all sorts of primitive peoples. Nothing, however, in the book about two dollar bills.

I had been in Indianapolis only a short while when it struck me that there were an extraordinary number of two dollar bills in circulation there. When I put across a counter, or gave a waiter, a twenty dollar bill I'd get in change maybe nine two's. Because I wasn't "on", this was.

Nick (like a sensible man), won't walk under ladders; he is depressed (and rightly enough, too) if he sees the new moon in the wrong way. Indeed, his spiritual life, so to say, is rich in superstitions. And he won't, if he can help it, accept a two dollar bill. A young woman cashier (superior sort of person) looked at him pityingly just the other day, and said: "*Well*, I should think *you* would be above that!"

But he knows what all wise men know in Indiana, that a two dollar bill brings terribly bad luck; a truth which was discovered on the Western Circuit, and, figuratively speaking, is graven on the stone tablets of the law of all book-makers. Mr. Gates, a few days later, imparted to me the knowledge of how to take off the curse of having a two dollar bill. You tear off one corner as soon as you receive one. But I found all corners already torn off those that came to me.

No sensitivity whatever as to editions in books, has Nick. He enjoys, and values, those in the fairly comprehensive collection he has solely for, apparently, their substance, the literature that is in them. As to editions, he says, he simply likes to have a book of "handy", comfortable size. Innocent, quite, of the instinct that knows that of every book in the world there is only one edition a copy of which is right to have as one's own.

Among many other things, he reads contemporary "realism" a good deal. And he broods upon some "serious" things by his hand to come. But his heart lights up most when he beholds that sort of "imagination" which soars above the things that never were on land or sea. And, "my idea of the novelist is still pretty much the old idea of the story-teller at the bazaar".

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What he feels is best, after all, "the Arabian Nights kind of thing".

* * * *

This was the night I was to dine with Tarkington, at seven. I did some letter-writing, and then went downstairs to look around there, at six. And there I found him, in the billiard-room, hard at his favorite game of sniff and smoking one of those huge cigarettes of his branded in large "caps" "B. T." He was got up in a light-colored suit, with a dappled effect, which, at least in a sitting posture, didn't fit him very well as the coat humped a good deal in the back between the shoulders, and buttoned in front fell across his middle in heavy creases, like the skin of a hippopotamus. He wore (what I do not remember to have seen on him before) glasses—spectacles with tortoise-shell rims to the large round lens, and flat gold shaves (or what the opticians, I believe, call temples) over the ears; a heavy ring with a dark flat stone of ample size set in it, a gold-faced stick-pin to his tie, very blue socks, and grey spats which seemed rather large for him. He said he would be up at once. I asked him not to hurry, as it was only a little after six, and said that any time he cared to come up, he would find me contentedly occupied with reading or writing. In reply to this he exclaimed, "Fine!"

At dinner, he began the conversation by telling me that he had found a good aid to keeping mentally fit in knocking off work at about five in the afternoon and coming down to rest his mind by playing sniff for an hour and a half or so. He was working, he said, on some motion-picture scenarios, boy stories, which his contract called for in the amount of a certain number of them at a time, there referred to as a "lot". Then he fussed a good deal about the way the motion-picture people tampered with his stuff, writing into it things which they thought he would have put there if he well enough known the game. For instance, incorporating into his story scenes in which the Penrod-like boy's dog saves from death by drowning the town banker's daughter, and so on. When he had got wind of such action on their part he had at once telegraphed the picture men to stop, he wouldn't have it. They thereupon suggested that they send on from Los Angeles a "lady writer" to help him go at the business in a professional manner.

I noticed that Tarkington ate rather rapidly. I like to eat rapidly myself, largely, I think, because I am impatient to come to the smoking and real talking part of the meal. But as Dr. McCulloch had instructed me to eat slowly, I had some difficulty in keeping my host anywhere in sight. He drinks near-beer with his meals, and when playing at sniff.

After dinner, we went into a sort of lounging-room upstairs, that is on the same floor as the dining-room, and away from the general gathering places below. Here we were quite alone.

I told Tarkington, now for the first time in some detail, the story of my recent arrival in Indianapolis. And, in turn, he related to me, in greater detail than I had ever heard it before, an account of his own dramatic collapse, a number of years ago. He was, it appears, out for an automobile drive with his sister and nephew, when there came upon him a mysterious tightening about the heart, and he began to have much difficulty in getting his breath. He sat hooped up in a corner of the machine, and felt a decided disinclination to talk. When

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his nephew would exclaim, "Oh! Uncle Booth, look at that!" or, "Uncle Booth, don't you think," etc., he would mumble something which was not much of a reply. Finally, so intense grew the difficulties within him, he leaned over, and, wishing not to excite his sister, in a low voice directed his chauffeur to turn and make for home.

When he had got well across the lawn, he gave up, and fell, landing on his back close beside some shrubbery. He quite firmly believed that he was going, as the hotel people say, to "check out". Still he thought that if only he could get some sort of stimulant he might have an hour or so more. Prone as he was, however, he knew that nobody would be likely to see him, and so, as he had not the breath to yell, he raised his right arm and waved it. A colored woman in the next yard caught the signal, and called to him: "You ought to tie a piece of red yarn 'bout yo' wrist." I asked him what on earth was her thought in that? He said: "I haven't the slightest idea."

He acknowledged that, as with me in somewhat similar case, he had no fear whatever of the death which he believed to be imminent, but that, curiously enough, like myself again, the turn of his thought was a raging anger. Though (he immediately added), frequently, when there was no reason to believe that he might not attain to a hale old age, he had, when reminded of the subject of the close of life by something he was reading in a book, newspaper or magazine, had a horrible dread of, as he put it, annihilation. And, too, he reminded me, we are all, when they are seriously ill, fearful of the death of those for whom we greatly care.

His anger, at this terrific moment was directed entirely against one object—his small nephew. The car, it seems, had been turning about, and had stopped again before the Tarkington house. The child saw his uncle's waving arm, and reasoned, apparently, that he must be endeavoring to attract someone to him. But—in the jumble of lap-robes on the floor of the car had disappeared this small person's ball, which rummaging about himself he had not been able to find. And, as he desired it immediately, he was afraid his mother might see his uncle's gesture of distress and leave him before the ball was found. And so, he clung to her, and cried out again and again: "Mother, you can't leave this car until I get my ball!"

Mr. Tarkington, hearing this, and perceiving the situation, stormed within: "And so I'm to be let die here on the grass all on account of a damned little ball, worth about fifteen cents!"

Found, finally; carried in, and reclined upon a couch in his library, he was there, flat out, for a week, attended by Dr. McCulloch. For about a year was scared of motor-cars, and never went any distance in one, as far as forty miles, without an apothecary shop in his pocket.

Dr. McCulloch, coming through the room on the way to his own quarters (he lives at the club): "This looks bad for literature."

Mr. Tarkington: "We've only been talking medicine." Holding out his cigarette case, especially designed to accommodate those dreadnought-calibre smokes of his: "Sit down."

But no, the doctor would not sit down; he must go in and rest up in preparation for a speaking tour to begin tomorrow. He had been reading Brand Whitlock's volumes on Belgium—"Fine book!"

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He *did* take a chair, however, and the conversation fell into bonuses for ex-soldiers, taxes and politics, political events, European and international. Of the Soviet government of Russia, Tarkington declared that it was an autocracy and the least democratic government in the world. Indeed, on all of these subjects, he had an abundance of ideas, spoke copiously and with much conviction. In the course of this talk, he said, concerning something or other: "It's us that pay." That's exactly what he said: "It's us that pay"; and he said it twice.

McCulloch left us as another gentleman passing through the room paused at Tarkington's side. He had recently returned from New York, and spoke his appreciation of the opera version of "Beaucaire" then there going. Tarkington, evidently, had liked it very much. Its strongest appeal to him seemed to have been as a series of beautiful pictures, "like Rawlinson's prints", he said, "or Gainsborough paintings". I didn't myself see the Rawlinson idea, as consummate draughtsman though he was, Rawlinson was Hogarthian in his subjects, and in his manner much too burly, too, for rendering the crisp and fragrant story of Monsieur. The Gainsborough notion is an intelligent one, but (to reverse Whistler's celebrated remark, "Why drag in Rembrandt?") in this case, why leave out Watteau, and Fragonard?

Speaking of the stage (the gentleman had gone), Tarkington got onto the subject of plays, and associated with that, the matter of "teaching" short-story writing. He has a youthful friend or relative, who, as he puts it, writes these things "marketably well". She is told by some sort of an instructor she has, that this or that story should not go as she has it; it should be "like Shakespeare—as in 'Hamlet' ".

"And these people," declared Mr. Tarkington, "who have always got Shakespeare on the brain, don't know any more about him, what he was driving at, than a goat. If he was here now they wouldn't *get* him, wouldn't see what he was up to. *Take* 'Hamlet'—Why doesn't the prince kill the king? He's got him there where he wants him. 'No,' he says; 'the king is praying; he killed my father with all his sins upon him, I'll wait.' Well, why don't he kill him afterward? The king is still there, soused all the while, and around with women.

"Because Shakespeare knew his business. He's got a whole lot more up his sleeve yet, and he wants to pull it—two acts yet to go. And he knows his audience, down to the ground. No man ever knew that better. He's got to put something into their minds to make 'em think the king *can't* be killed right off the bat, so his audience won't walk out on him. And he frames up this praying business. Of course, later on it don't apply a bit, but he knows that having once got it over they'll continue to think of it until he is ready to turn the big trick. Oh! he was the Belasco of his time all right."

Then, the subject of our diseases popping up again for a moment, he told me the strange story of the unwritten check. He declared that either one of us could bring on another one of our seizures by overmuch thinking of the matter. The effect of the mind on the physical machinery of man was the moral which pointed the tale that follows:

Tarkington was in New York, when he got a message from Washington inviting him to luncheon with President Roosevelt the next day but one. Roosevelt had just read Tarkington's then

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newly published volume of political stories, "In the Arena", and wished to discuss the book with the author of it. Tarkington was suddenly panicky to discover that he had not a frock coat with him. He beat it to Brooks Brothers to get one. And there found he didn't have "on him" the money to pay for it.

He asked for a blank check; no, he asked if they had a Corn Exchange Bank check—the bank where he had his account. That is, he intended to ask for such a check, but in some way he got the thing a bit twisted, and asked for an Exchange Corn Bank check, or something like that. They could only give him an ordinary blank check. The man who presented it to him, followed him to the desk where he was to make it out, and overlooked him as he began. Tark began to feel highly uncomfortable. The idea began to go round in his head that he had balled up the name of his bank. That was why this man was observing him so closely. He suspected, this man, as Tarkington put it, there was "something phoney" about this business. Tarkington's hand began to shake with nervousness. Made several attempts to fill out a check. If the man would only go away, thought he could do it. Got worse. Said to himself, "Sure this man thinks I'm some kind of a crook, or something." Gave up. Told the man that if he would fix up the check otherwise, he'd sign it. But when the check was given to him ready to sign, couldn't write his name, merely made wild scratches. Fled—saying, "I'll go over to my club and send you a check from there." When he got to The Players, he was right enough again. "But", with a croaking laugh, "bet that man was mighty surprised when he saw a perfectly good check come along!"

We have not yet, however, got to the real punch of the story. A year later, Tarkington was in Naples, and, as he was about to make out another check, the thought came to him, strong, "I hope I don't make an ass of myself here, the way I did that time in New York." And, by jinks, he did!

He spoke of Nick's taking to dancing, "at about the time I quit—too old". He said: "*I* was always the dancing man. Nick wouldn't." Then one night Tarkington was at a dance, but no longer dancing, at a place where he had danced for a long string of years. Slowly it came over him there was something queer about the thing. He tried to fathom the impression. The room was the same; the scene was the same; many of the people were the same. Suddenly he realized the cause of the weird effect. He saw what he had been looking at without knowing it. *Nick was dancing!* "And dancing darn well."

MURRAY HILL

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REDUCING THE HIGH COST OF COLLECTING

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHEN I first joined the staff of the New York "Tribune" as a cub reporter, eighteen years ago, that ancient upholder of Republicanism (or is it upholder of ancient Republicanism?) ran a daily department called "The Passing Throng". This department consisted of three or four brief interviews with men or women at the moment registered at the city hotels. I was never sure just why the department existed, unless it was to make me miserable, for I was almost immediately assigned to the task of gathering these "passing throngs", as the interviews were known in the office. Presumably some massive editorial brain supposed that the feature would curry favor with the hotel men, please the person interviewed, and interest the city readers. As a matter of fact, it annoyed the hotel clerks, infrequently did more than surprise the persons interviewed, and interested the city readers not at all—for if there is any one thing your true New Yorker doesn't want to read about more than another, it is news or opinions from anywhere outside of New York.

As for me, it was my horrid task daily to trot up and down the line, from the old Everett House on Union Square, to the Netherland at the plaza, asking each haughty clerk whom he harbored of interest, and sending up cards innumerable by disgusted bellhops who knew I wasn't good for a tip. It was seldom enough that anybody yielded me readable copy, and after a bit I woke up. Instead of scanning the hotel registers, I scanned the local papers from various parts of the country, purloining them from the exchange editor's basket. When some snappy item caught my eye in "The Westerly Sun", for instance, it was quite simple to invent William Pease, of Matunuck, Rhode Island, to come to the Waldorf and tell me about it. My "passing throngs" began at once to grow more readable, and I had more time to go to the theatre. The managing editor complimented me, and the night copy-desk winked. Inspired by my success, I boldly inscribed the first page of my copy, "W. P. E. Fakeit", and the desk man never told. Such is newspaper life in the great metropolis.

But once, before my bondage was over, I saw a name on the register of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel which made my pulse jump—"Bernard A. Quaritch, London". (It may be the initial was not signed—I don't accurately recall.) For once I blessed the passing throngs. Here was an excuse to see and talk with a great man! I sent up my card. Yes, he was in. Would I come up? I went. Naturally, he was not averse to being inter-

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viewed, having come to America with a trunk full of treasure to dispose of. As I remember him, a shortish, fat, friendly man, with a bald forehead, shrewd, twinkling eyes, a dark moustache, and the hint of several chins. He was rather formal for a few moments, but he knew booklovers, as well as books, on sight; and before long a big trunk-like case was opened, and he was showing me the treasures which, he said, he had brought over "to pry a bit of cash out of your American millionaires with". What were they? Honesty compels me to admit I have now forgotten, because one so exceeded all the rest in my interest at that time. It was a poor-looking book, too, thin, bound in paper. Once it had lain in front of the elder Quaritch's shop (am I right in this?) and gone begging for a buyer at a few pennies. Now the son was bringing to America one copy, for which he would get, he said, $450 (and that was eighteen years ago). Yes, of course I might hold it, and look into it, too. So I took into my hand the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat", and Bernard Quaritch smiled a friendly smile.

Can you imagine going back to the New York "Tribune" office after that, and writing a "passing throng" about it? I had to. After all, Quaritch was a dealer, and expected the publicity in return.

"Who the —— ever heard of Quaritch?" said the night city editor, tossing over my copy to the desk with orders to reduce it one-half—"or more".

Iram indeed is gone with all his rose, which means the night city editor is dead, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel is an office block, and that particular copy of the "Rubaiyat" no doubt reposes in Morgan's or Huntington's library, and I am still too poor to be the owner of the like; but the love of first editions persists, and the original issues of great books bring an ever greater price, and the magic offspring of genius and print lure still their lovers as of old.

Witness—"The Amenities of Book Collecting", by A. Edward Newton. Mr. Newton confesses himself a minor collector, as it were, because of poverty. He has to think twice before spending eight or nine hundred dollars for a book, and he doesn't tell his wife till he's spent it. At that, he appears to have amassed a considerable number of rareties, and still to be living on most amicable terms with his spouse. He appears, also, to read his books, and he has almost persuaded me to try again to get interested in Boswell's "Life of Johnson". (Yes, dear reader, I blush with shame, I stammer with mortification, I am covered with confusion as with a garment, but the truth cannot be hid that I have never been able to get through Boswell. I feel toward that book much as F. P. Adams feels toward golf—it will be a fine thing to take up when I am old.) But, for all its charm, all its wealth of anecdote, all its flavor of ancient calf, Mr. Newton's book gets my goat,—"to use a vulgar expression", as Godwin added after he had thoughtlessly exclaimed "God bless you". Not, let me hasten to explain, because of anything its delightful author has done or written, but because what he has done—and the consequent opportunities it has given him to write—depends, in spite of his modest affirmations of poverty, on the possession of a considerable, a very considerable amount of what, to use another vulgar expression, we may term this world's goods. The direct implication is that to be a book collector, you must also be a banker, a

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manufacturer of boots, a maker of munitions, the great-grandson of a farmer on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, or a New York taxicab driver. Now, the unfortunate fact remains that the great majority of the real lovers of books—I think I may make this statement without serious challenge—are none of these things. The great majority of the real lovers of books, like the great majority of men in general, not only wouldn't dare to spend nine hundred dollars without asking their wives, but they couldn't if they had the courage. The great majority can never hope for a First Folio of Shakespeare, which, as Mr. Newton truthfully assents, is the bedrock of every great collection. Neither can they hope for incunabula, or New England Primers or illuminated manuscripts or firsts of Blake or the manuscript of "The Eve of St. Agnes", or some thousands of other items of like interest and value. Therefore, the implication is, they can never be book collectors.

In a sense, of course, they cannot. More and more, as the years go on, the precious items of the past—the first editions of the great classics, the known letters and manuscripts—soar upward in price till they vanish into the libraries of the very rich, where skilled librarians are employed to tell the Great Men what they own. And somehow, in spite of Mr. Newton's loving absorption in his library, I cannot myself visualize these Great Men sitting down with their treasures, as Lowell, for instance, sat with his books overlooking Mt. Auburn, or Norton sat at Shady Hill. More and more the rareties of literature are taking on the character of gems or Ming vases, and becoming private museum possessions, which can only be had by the millionaires and go, as it were, into glass cases. Yet shall we say that no man can collect books who cannot afford a First Folio, that no man is a collector who hasn't dealt with Quaritch and G. D. S.?

I, for one, will not admit it. Take the matter of association books, for example. It would be thrilling beyond words to own Keats's copy of Chapman's "Homer", no doubt, and there be those who would be equally thrilled by Dr. Johnson's dictionary, presented by himself to Boswell, let us say. But because you cannot achieve these thrillers from the past, is it less collecting, is it not, indeed, more collecting, and less acquiring, to achieve a presentation copy from Galsworthy or Harold Bell Wright, or some other living author whom you admire, or some lesser luminary of the past, connected with your own interests? I have a little brown book, the poems of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, presented by him to Harriet Beecher Stowe. I paid something like two dollars for it. It is precious to me, however, not alone because of the exceeding beauty and melancholy charm of some of the poetry of this almost unknown and neglected American, but because he belonged to an old New England family, and gave this copy to a far more famous New Englander, who evidently pasted in the back—a genealogy of the Beecher family! (There is something deliciously New England about that!) I have an inordinate passion for Keats, I respectfully admire Sam Johnson. But, please, may I also be interested in Frederick Tuckerman of Amherst, Massachusetts, and in the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

Once I had to spend a night in Chattanooga, Tennessee, for lack of a train to my ultimate destination in the Tennessee mountains. I wandered forlornly up and down Chattanooga's

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main street till suddenly a second-hand bookshop caught my eye. "Salvation!" I cried, and rushed within, to the astonishment of the proprietor, who was dozing in his chair. Here I found fourteen volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare—fine, clean copies, inscribed by Dr. Furness to William Everett. Opening them, I discovered scores of marginal notes, in pencil, made by the recipient, many with his well-known explosive vividness of expression. I bought the fourteen volumes (which, as a matter of fact, I needed in my library) for a dollar each less than the retail price. Now, when I have occasion to consult the wisdom of the past regarding Hamlet's mental state, let us say, I have the stabilizing advice of old Dr. Everett, who trots down the margin by my side ever and anon exclaiming, "Damned rot!" Usually I agree with him.

Working on the same newspaper for which William Winter wrote theatrical reviews, I was able, by connivance with the proof room, to save many of that caustic old gentleman's manuscripts from the waste-paper press. He wrote a wonderful hand, like none other I ever saw—each letter separate, and all practically illegible, yet the whole looking as if it were engraved on copper. There used to be an office legend that a sheet of his copy once blew out of the window and landed in front of a Chinaman, who exclaimed joyously, "Me got letter from home!" (Witter Bynner makes each letter separate, but they are luminously legible, even when the poem is not!) "Es Lebe das Leben" may not be a great play, even in Mrs. Wharton's English version—certainly W. W. said it wasn't. But it makes an interesting item, with his manuscript review inserted. So does his life of Mansfield, with manuscript reviews of that actor's performances inserted, as well as a letter from Mansfield himself. These books and manuscripts may never be worth anything, by comparison with the items in Mr. Morgan's library, but they are the best I could do on $35 a week, and, for me, at least, they have their value.

The many scholastic generations of Harvard men who knew the privilege of walking up the wooded drive of Shady Hill, will remember the library of Charles Eliot Norton. Professor Norton's library, one gathered, largely consisted of association copies, but Professor Norton wasn't a collector. Rather he was like the old New Englander who was showing a New Yorker his mahogany.

"What a fine collection of old furniture you have!" the latter exclaimed.

"Pardon me", said the Yankee, "but in this part of the world, we do not collect old furniture—we have it."

Professor Norton had books. They came to him naturally, with long and loving inscriptions from the authors, who were his friends. Since many of those authors have become more or less classic,—Lowell, Ruskin, Rossetti, Holmes, and the like,—these volumes they gave must now be precious, in the auction-room sense, each with its rich association value. Others, no doubt, have no intrinsic value, and no association value except so far as they were Professor Norton's. In other words, much of his library was the accumulation of contemporary product, and Time did the weeding.

It takes more money to collect the precious products of the past, but, after all, it takes more taste and flair for literary values to collect the products of the present, to collect books which are not vouched for by the comforting criticism of Time, but which you yourself must select. Anybody

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can realize the value today of a first of Blake or Keats. But in their own generation, when these firsts came from the press, how few were the men who would have picked them for immortality! Witness, later, the fate of Thoreau and of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat". I say the man who buys carefully from the contemporary book lists, following chiefly his own literary tastes and instincts, and being always careful, of course, to secure the true first editions (not always simple, now that books are often issued almost simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic), and who further secures for these books when possible some association value, even if so slight a one as an author's inscription or autograph letter (the latter neither difficult nor expensive to buy from the dealers in most instances), is a true book collector, and in some ways a more commendable book collector than the millionaire cornering the diminishing supply of incunabula. Much of his collection, of course, Time will prove of inconsiderable value, however fine his taste. But a minimum of it will be a precious legacy to rejoice the hearts of the auction fans of the future.

Authors are as a rule, I think, poor collectors, lacking interest in the possession of books, and understanding of what makes a book valuable from a collector's standpoint. If it were not so, an annual meeting of the Authors' League might develop into a mutual inscription writing bee, and the values of some hundreds of books be greatly enhanced at a sitting. Yet it is quite understandable why authors should lack interest in books—they know too well how they are written! There is no reason, however, why authors should lack interest in fine printing; rather every reason why they should possess it. They should be among the first to encourage the modern presses which strive for a handcraft standard of type, press work, paper, and binding. They should be glad to give of their best as a text for the issues of such presses, and to collect the products. In my own small library, some of the most interesting items I have are the Riverside Press books printed by Bruce Rogers a few years ago, and the books printed by Updike in Boston, at the Merrymount Press. Some of Updike's New Year's cards, too, issued to his customers, with colored wood-cuts by Rudolph Ruzicka, are gems, and as an example of American printing at its best, the prize certificates printed for a certain golf tournament by Updike, during a war year when no cups were awarded, are worthy of preservation in any library. With the exception of Bruce Rogers's "Song of Roland", which cost $30, all of these books were, when first issued, within the means of any man who buys books at all. Some of them have since risen considerably, of course—but it is part of the game of contemporary collecting to know what to buy on issue.

Perhaps the simplest of all forms of book collecting, and yet one in which all the elements of good taste—love of clean printing, passion of possession, and good fellowship with literature—may be employed, is the accumulation of a working library which satisfies one's practical demands, business or æsthetic, and at the same time contains only good copies. For instance, suppose the man assembling such a library wishes the works of Dickens. He can go to any bookshop and buy a set of Dickens, which will be quite worthless, probably, from any decent standard. We are supposing that he

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is not rich enough to buy the novels in their original sets, of course. Is there no middle ground? Certainly there is. Let him acquire his Dickens in some Chatto and Windus set issued around 1860, say, when the plates were still in good condition, the paper clean and strong. He wants Chatterton, let us suppose—because I did, once. So I went to a dealer in Cornhill, and he found me a two-volume edition issued about 1830, as I recall (the books are not by me), which was excellently printed, on fine paper, touched with a flavor of the past, and selling at an extremely reasonable price. So with all the classics. Somewhere there exists an edition without the excessive value of the first, but with the merits of good type and paper and proper flavor. To achieve this edition as a part of your working library is, perhaps, a minor form of collecting, but it is no less a real one, and can give infinite pleasure to the booklover of humble means, enabling him, also, to pore hopefully over catalogues and bring home treasures from the auction rooms.

The collector of humble means! How quaint and pathetic a person he sometimes is! You remember the girl, of course, who did not want to give her friend a book for Christmas, "because she has one already". Like that friend, the humble collector sometimes has but one book, or maybe two, which by any stretch of the imagination could be called valuable. Yet the love of bibliophilic treasures is in him, and the dealers know him well, as he pores over their cases out on the sidewalk, where the books are labeled five cents —ten cents—twenty-five cents, always hoping against hope that a gem will have dropped into this ash-heap by mistake. Stranger things have happened, you know.

One such collector I once knew well. I think he epitomized all book collectors, rich or poor. Tall and thin and shabby, he was a newspaper reporter in the old days in a provincial city, where the salaries for such as he were fifteen dollars a week. He had a wife and two children, and you may be sure those fifteen dollars were sorely needed at home every Friday night. Yet one Friday he took me out to watch him buy a birthday present for his spouse. He led me through winding streets to an old bookshop, and laid down fourteen dollars of his precious fifteen for a thin little Elzevir (then more highly esteemed than now), which he had long coveted. Carefully wrapped up, he took it proudly home to his mate.

She was the sort of woman, I am sure, who kissed him with a smile, before she turned away her worried face and struggled with her tears.

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THE LONDONER

Henry James's Letters—The Rewards of Æsthetic Epicureanism—Literary Snobbery—Novelists as Playwrights—Barrie's New Play—A New Play from Bennett also—Allan Monkhouse—Novel Competitions—A Short-Story Competition—A Pseudonymous Prize-winner—Save Us from Our Friends.

LONDON, *May* 1, 1920.

I SUPPOSE that there can be no question as to the book which has most excited literary opinion in London during the last few weeks. The newspapers have perhaps devoted more space to the life of Kitchener and to the various crimes which have been recently committed; but everywhere I have been I have heard only one book discussed, and that book is the "Letters of Henry James". It has given the quidnuncs something to talk about, and too many of the letters are addressed to living people for any lack of interest in their immediate subject-matter to be possible. And yet the private, as opposed to the public, verdict has been curiously divided. Personally, I found the letters something of a shock. The first thing which struck me, on a casual glance, was the abnormal and rather gross personal "affectionateness" of some of them. Such subscriptions as "Ever your fondest of the fond" are, to our taste, lacking in reticence; and the tone of the letters is similarly florid and verbose. The correspondence with Wells, over the latter's pseudonymous book "Boon", to which I have already referred in these causeries, is remarkable as revealing the sharp conflict between the æsthetic ideals of Wells and James. Those who recently read Wells's preface to Sir Henry Johnston's novel "The Gay-Dombeys" will remember how our foremost literary surprise-packet expressed loathing of the professional novelist, and they will therefore accept without question the fact that Wells long ago grew out of the admiration which all must at one time have felt for the consummate literary skill of James's literary method. The controversy over "Boon" was clearly a great and horrid surprise to the older writer. It need not be so to us. No two men were more unlike than James and Wells. Wells looks on the novel as a great receptacle for his latest understandings; James, as his editor admits, "found a livelier interest always in the results and effects and implications of things than in the groundwork itself; so that the field of study he desired was that in which initial forces had traveled furthest from their prime, passing step by step from their origin to the level where, diffused and transformed, they were still just discernible to acute perception."

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No wonder that when Wells cruelly likened the art of James to the dexterity of a hippopotamus picking up

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a pea James was wounded to the heart. It was a dreadful blow to his self-esteem and to the affection he had always felt for his brilliant young contemporary. He had never been popular, but he had always consoled himself with belief in the rottenness of popular taste and in the sanctity of literary "art". He had often enough bewailed Wells's lack of this "art", this savor of the remote and secret joys of the epicure. He himself was the epicure. No sloven could ever win his approval. Always he sought the hidden flavor, the exquisite relish which a fine taste alone could appreciate. It was, perhaps, a kind of snobbery, comparable to his distaste for Dostoyevsky, Tolstoi, Ibsen. But it was sincere and loving. He really did tremendously care for fine flavors. After all, the controversy will persist. We shall always have it with us, as long as writers are not standardized. There will always be among us two great schools, those who care most for what is written about, and those who care most for the manner in which the subject is treated. The pity is that Wells, who is a much better artist than his opponents care to admit, should have been provoked into ridiculing a man who so much admired him and who had given so lavishly in praise of all that he could appreciate of Wells's work. The rights or wrongs of the controversy do not interest me. The controversy itself, illuminated as it is by extracts in these volumes from Wells's replies to James's pained letters, has immense personal interest.

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Letters to all sorts of other people make the book full and rich reading. One regrettable feature is James's discontent with the rewards of his own care and skill. It is clear that he was impatient with the public for not liking his work. He complained often of the lack of appreciation, ignoring the fact that whoever deals in the recondite must submit to a popular indifference. It is the robust writer who, among the good writers, reaps the rewards of popular support. There are plenty of sentimental or salacious novelists who sell better than Wells, but I never heard of Wells protesting against their greater monetary rewards. His own have been in accordance with the essential merit of his work, which, whatever its faults, has always been among the most brilliant, as it has always been the most original, of his time. The prime fault of James was that he was not in a true sense original. He was a commentator. He did not enjoy life as Wells enjoys it. He relished its aroma.

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Nowhere else in the letters does his dissatisfaction with the earthly rewards of his art appear so clearly as in those which refer to his determination to write for the stage. He conceived the notion that one had only to write bad plays in order to enjoy popular favor. He set himself to write bad plays. The result was horrible. I have seen only one of his plays; but that was enough. It was called "The Reprobate". Anything more terrifying I cannot conceive. A hippopotamus picking up a pea was nothing to its laborious facetiousness. And James was genuinely disturbed at his non-success. He was puzzled by it. One would suppose that he had a complete inability to grasp the fact that for its capture the stage requires a kind of sincerity no less than the novel. It is a thing which I am never tired of saying, that writers are bad because they are born so, and that any writer who deliberately sets out to give the public what it wants must fail unless he him-

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self likes what the public wants. Deliberate artistic prostitution is always half-hearted. There are more unpublished books and unproduced plays in which a refined author has attempted to write "down" to a hypothetical public than there are good books or plays in the same state. The thing is simply "not done"—with success. James never learned the lesson. He never succeeded, in spite of all his singularly pertinacious efforts to secure the production of his plays, in persuading anybody that his cumbrous manipulations of stage puppets were worth the pains of rehearsal and presentation, even by the private societies which exist for the production of plays disdained by commercial managers. It is a curious fate, that a man with so much real insight, and with so keen an eye to the faults of his contemporaries, should have been so obtuse regarding his own shortcomings. Perhaps we are all like that. I should not wonder.

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The theatre, of course, has its fascinations for all writers. The thing seems so simple, and the rewards are always supposed to be so enormous, that it is not remarkable that so many modern novelists and journalists should try to write plays. I suppose I have seen as many bad plays during the last few years as anybody. They are legion. They pop up everywhere, and pop down again. One recently established dramatic company has achieved peculiar fame for the celerity with which it has substituted one bad play for another in the theatres which it controls. The thing became laughable, or would have done so if it had not, at the same time, been so pathetic. Bad plays abound. Some of them impose on the public for a time. But only for a time. And if the plays are not so wholly and utterly bad that they appeal to the lowest intelligence through being a reflex of that intelligence, they come off with a swiftness and secrecy quite startling. The London public is always supposed to be very gullible. It may be. But poor plays, even supported by famous actors and actresses, fade away before the listlessness which they evoke. When even good plays fail, why should poor hybrids, made by writers who despise the people for whom they are writing, have any success? Just as any normal man resents patronage in another man, so mankind in bulk recoils from that patronage which consists in imagining that it will swallow anything dramatic if only it is of inferior quality. Sanity dislikes snobbery in any form; and a kind of snobbery was what kept Henry James out of the theatre.

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Few novelists are good playwrights. There is a lot of silly assumption in the idea, but it is fundamentally true. The suggestion is that the two arts are so different, and there is something to be said for that belief. For one thing, I believe that in a novel surprise may rightly be considered essential, that information may be withheld for many pages with gain to the structure of the book. In plays the audience must from the outset learn exactly what is going forward if interest is to be maintained. The characters in the play may be as ignorant as the author pleases; but the audience must not be regarded as tools. They must be aware of everything. They must not be played with. That is one thing. But what makes most novelists bad playwrights is that they will not take the trouble to be good ones. They despise the technique of the drama, which seems to them clumsy

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and stupid, lacking in finesse, and full of stumbling-blocks. Nothing could be more futile than contempt for the medium in which one hopes to achieve success. If a technique is not worth mastering, then success in it is not worth expecting. In any craft the same point holds good. If we will not take the trouble to learn how verses are made, then we must not expect to be regarded as poets. After all, only those can override rules who know them inside out. Amateurishness in anything is the supreme hostage to failure.

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Only two men that I can recall have been equally successful in the novel and the play. They are Barrie and Bennett. I deliberately leave out Galsworthy, who has never yet had a "run" in the English theatre. I have just seen Barrie's new play, "Mary Rose", a deliberate "fantasy" such as Barrie only can write. It is obviously made for the theatre, is ingenious rather than poetical, and dexterous rather than profound; and yet it held my attention throughout. For one thing, the rather creepy atmosphere which it endeavors to create is certainly obtained in the theatre, whether by means which one can commend or not. And for another it deals with a truth, sentimentally and emotionally, but still suggestively. The "truth" is that we all grow old, and that we all grow forgetful, even of those we have loved. For the purposes of his fable, Barrie shows us a girl stolen away from her kin by the seductions of a fairy isle, kept enthralled for quarter of a century, and then restored. She is the same; but her people are all twenty-five years older. The reunion is poignant in its suggestion. It is not developed; but the reality is there, and one is conscious of its force. I am told that the play is shamelessly sentimental, that it is dull, that it is bad. I admit that it is sentimental, that it is calculated rather than inspired; but I do not agree that it is dull, and as Barrie, of all living dramatists, is the only one who would have had such a play produced in London, where managers are extremely doubtful of the chances of anything which they cannot understand, I feel that some remarkable credit is due to him. If the play is a success we may presently see a genuine "fantasy" on the boards. Barrie may have given a fillip to the drama by showing that the theatre can be effectively used for themes too long banished from its boards.

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By the time this causerie is in print we shall probably have had an opportunity of seeing in London a new play of Bennett's called "Body and Soul". The play is not, as its title may suggest, another "Sacred and Profane Love" (which I understand is having a great success just now in New York), but is more in the vein of farcical comedy. In fact it is satirical, and I think will provoke a good deal of laughter here. It is extremely "up-to-date" in the subjects of its satire, and very daring in its directness. I shall hope to be present at the first performance, particularly in view of the fact that some of the subjects of the satire are bound to be present on that occasion. I hope no rumor as to the precise nature and personality of its subjects will leak out untimely.

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Another novelist-dramatist of whom we ought to have heard more in the past and of whom we ought to hear something in the future is Allan Monkhouse. Monkhouse is or was the literary editor of "The Manchester Guardian", a position of great respon-

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sibility. He has been seriously ill for a long time, and has only just begun again to contribute with any frequency to the columns of the "Guardian". And he has long been known to those with any knowledge of these matters as a dramatist and novelist of genuine distinction. Unfortunately he is not one who produces rapidly, and the long intervals between the productions of his plays and the publication of his novels have prevented Monkhouse from being as generally known as the quality of his work demands. He began long ago, with a novel and a volume of essays, and his plays include two, "Mary Broome" and "The Education of Mr. Surrage", which have for years been familiar to all who follow the repertory movement in this country. He belongs to what is called the "Manchester school", although that is a very unfair description of Monkhouse to those who associate that school only with the work of Stanley Houghton and Harold Brighouse. The truth is that he is a Manchester man, in the sense that his work on the "Guardian" has kept him from London; and his work has always, as far as I know, made its first appearance through Miss Horniman's seasons at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. This is what links him to the "Manchester school", and not any intrinsic resemblance to the characteristic works of other Manchester dramatists. He is not, that is, the satiric portrayer of local matters and foibles. He is a psychologist of the James type, with a keen insight into human nature; and his work is full of extraordinary delicacy likely to make it less popular with the vulgar than with those of refined taste. It may lack corpuscular matter—I think sometimes that it does;—but it is far from anæmia, and its quality is exceptional.

A novel of Monkhouse's, entitled "True Love", is shortly to be issued in the United States—if it has not already appeared. This is a really brilliant story which centres about the staff of a paper easily identified as "The Manchester Guardian". The intrigue does not concern me. What I should like to emphasize is the peculiar quality of the love passages between the hero and a German woman, an actress. The quietness of these passages may make them too subdued for proper recognition, but in my opinion they have a quality which few novelists of our time can exceed. They are lyrical. The book is not the best that Monkhouse has written. I am told, though I have not read it, that one called "Love in a Life" is the best; but of those I know (and these are all except "Love in a Life") the most notable is "Dying Fires". In this, as in the new one and in "Men and Ghosts", the characters are very few, and the study of these is intensive; but the quality of Monkhouse's work lies principally in the subtlety with which he indicates the delicate movements of the human spirit in its gradual smoldering toward passion. The passion is always there, and apparent; but the steady growth to overwhelming power is slow and subtle. It is a remarkable gift, and one which I should much like to see appreciated to the full by Americans.

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As I have indicated, Monkhouse is not a young man, and indeed I am not very cheerful regarding the prospects of the youngest writers. They may come on, but those of any true promise (those, I mean, who show any sign of power to stay the course of a long apprenticeship) can almost be counted on the fingers. It is amusing to watch the desperate efforts of publishers in

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England to discover new talent. Everywhere one sees advertisements of "Great Novel Competitions", with prizes of value to aspirants. Several of such competitions are in progress. One of them I reported, with the prize-winner, in a recent letter. But there are others. I can imagine the onerous task of the judges. Fancy going through tens of manuscripts, and even hundreds, in search of a book which is not only good according to literary standards but likely to repay publication as a "prize-winner"! The task is Herculean. I have myself just received a bundle of short stories upon which I have to adjudicate, and am appalled by the prospect of going through the various items. It is a genuine task. Fortunately I am the sole arbiter of their fate. What happens when one has to work in conjunction with others I cannot imagine. You may suppose that the duty is less onerous if the responsibility is shared. Perhaps it is. But in those cases one's name is often printed, and one has to stand the racket of subsequent publication. That is not my case. The only thing I dread is having to read the manuscripts and award the prize. But I can recall a recent competition in which two eminent novelists and the editor of a weekly journal were judges. The manuscripts were first of all sifted by a subordinate. The best were picked out by him and sent to the Big Three. The prize had ultimately to be awarded to a short story which proved to be not a short story at all, but the mere clever creation of an atmosphere. And, as all the entries were anonymous, it was found on research that the preliminary survey had cast out tales by some of the most highly reputed authors of the time. At least, so I was told. Let us hope the story was not true. I believe it to have been true. And I am almost sure that it was.

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Another short-story competition has recently been decided. It was promoted by Messrs. Newnes, big magazine publishers here, and the judges were Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir H. Rider Haggard, H. G. Wells, and three magazine editors. There were between three and four thousand entrants. Doyle plumped for three, Haggard agreed with him about two, but gave first place to one which Doyle did not mention. Wells gave first place to Doyle's No. 1, and second place to Haggard's No. 1. His third was unplaced by his fellow novelists. All the other judges went straight for Haggard's first choice, two of them, however, putting second the one which Wells liked best. The result was that the first prize of £250 went to Haggard's choice, and the second of £100 to Wells's. The winner was Oswald Wildredge, with whose name I seem to be faintly familiar. The second was "Herbert Tremaine", a very talented woman who has published, under this pseudonym and under her own name, some remarkable novels. One or two of these have certainly appeared in the United States, but how many of them I do not recall. The book of hers which attracted most attention here was a pacifist novel called "The Feet of the Young Men". This, in spite of the opinions to which it gave voice, was received with favor by many who did not agree with its thesis. It was a success, though a second attempt in the same vein was a comparative failure, under the title "Two Months". It was less good than some of its more distinguished but less provocative predecessors. In my opinion, the author's best book was also her first, and it was published by Holt's in about

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1910 under the title of "At the Sign of the Burning Bush". When that book came out it was very heartily attacked by, among others, "Claudius Clear" in "The British Weekly"; but Claudius Clear did not fail to point out the exceptional talent of its young author. Unfortunately the author did not continue the use of her own name, and it is for the reason that she would hardly thank me for mentioning it that I have refrained from doing so. In America the identification will not matter; but I hope English journalists will oblige me by not "copying".

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I gather that America may be a little impatient with her literary "young visiters" from England. At any rate, one who was announced to be going to the States told me today that he was a little discouraged by a cutting from an American paper asking whether there was to be nobody in London this summer. Those who have been to America are now returning, full of health and enthusiasm, and full of gratitude for all the kindness which has been shown them. I have already seen, in order, Walpole, Cannan, and Ervine. All appeared rosy and well, and all had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I think I must come to America myself. I am not so fat as I once was, and I could do with some of this kindness. In England we are kind, but not so kind. And at the moment we are exceedingly full of scrutiny of our young writers. It is an English habit, to begin to decry anybody who has made any headway. We are very kind to first novelists, to the second works of our young authors, even to the third works. After that, we either "find them out", or ignore them. It is a bad sign if we keep on being kind. It shows that we have heard that they are unsuccessful, and need encouragement. Directly we understand that success is assured for them we begin pulling to pieces the young writers we have made. It is a pleasing task. You see, once a man has made a name here it takes years to rob him of success. Practically it can't be done. So we can attack a writer with a clear conscience. Look at the case of Compton Mackenzie. We all know that nothing can injure him; and so all our reviewers are giving him fragments of their minds, in the hope that in this way any success he has will not spoil him. They have just begun again with his new novel, "The Vanity Girl". There is no malice in it, and no jealousy. It is all for his own good. And to the onlooker it is extraordinarily funny. I hope it is as funny to Mackenzie. I do him the justice of believing that it is.

SIMON PURE

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CHARLES ARLINGTON SMITH

(Being Some Personal Recollections)

BY CARL GLICK

IT is impossible for me now to say when I first saw Charles Arlington Smith. I know that I had seen him and talked with him many times before I learned that he was *the* Charles Arlington Smith. Before my acquaintance with him began, I had known him only as Mr. Smith.

He is, as you probably don't know, the most prolific writer in the world. And he holds, so I have been told, and readily believe, the record for having written more than any other living writer.

He was in the elevator with me one evening as I was on the way to my apartment. One of those strange, occult desires to start conversation came over me. I turned to him.

"It seems to me," I said, politely, "that I have seen you before some place."

If I had known who he was, I would not have spoken to him in this fashion.

But he blushed modestly, and replied, "I have been elevator boy here for the past five years."

"An enviable record," I replied, as we reached my floor.

He held open the door for me. "But I may quit any day now," he went on.

"You have another job?" I asked.

"No. But you see, I'm a writer. And any day now I expect my stories to begin to sell. And when they do, I'll give this up." He made a gesture that included the elevator, the apartment building, and myself.

I showed an interest in him. Encouraged, he went on with his story.

"I've been writing now for five years," he said. "I write a story every day."

I was awed. "How do you keep it up?"

"That's just it," he replied, smiling proudly. "I have a system."

"But where do you get the plots?"

"I have a new plot each week. You see on Monday I do the story as an adventure tale. On Tuesday the plot is a love story. On Wednesday, it is a psychological study. On Thursday it is an essay. On Friday it is a mystery story. On Saturday it is a character study."

"But how long are these stories?"

"Five thousand words each."

"You mean to say you have written five thousand words a day each day for the past five years?"

"Yes. But don't count Sunday. I rest then."

I added and multiplied on my cuff. "Why man," I exclaimed, "that makes a total of 1,560,000 words."

"I know."

"But have you sold many of these

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stories?" I asked rather incredulously.

For a moment he looked rather sad. "Only one, once. That was the first one I ever wrote. It encouraged me to keep on. It was published in 'Risqué Tales'. Maybe you read it."

"No," I replied. "But probably my wife did."

Just then the bell began to buzz.

"Somebody wants me," he said. "I'll tell you more about my stories later. Good night."

I knew I was dismissed. He dropped from sight. I was truly impressed. How such a stockily built, fat little youth,—he couldn't have been more than twenty at the time,—could show so much perseverance, was truly amazing to me.

Sometime later I saw him again.

"Would you like to see my stories?" he asked.

I thought of the 1,560,000 words.

"I'm afraid I couldn't read them all now," I answered rather dubiously.

"I'll show them to you. They are in my room downstairs."

I allowed myself to be led into the basement. It was a new experience to me. I had never been in the basement of an apartment-house before.

Charles Arlington Smith lived alone in a single room. In a corner was a huge pile of manuscripts,—the work of five years.

"There they are," he said with a wave of his hand. "And here is my typewriter,—my envelopes,—stamps,—dictionary,—and eraser. You see, I have everything that an author should have."

I saw!

Then he handed me a card. On it was printed his name in full, "Charles Arlington Smith". And down in one corner above the address was the single word "Author", trimly inscribed.

"Pretty neat, isn't it? The idea was original with me. The others have copied it."

"What others?"

"The superintendent's wife. She writes plays. But she doesn't write as fast as I do. She only does a play a month. Then the postman writes, too. He is doing essays. And the woman who does the scrubbing. She writes poetry. That's all good. But I'm going to stick to stories. There's more in it, if they ever begin to sell."

"Well, good luck to you," I murmured. "You should win out some day. Such perseverance as yours is entitled to success."

"Thanks," he said, as he grasped my hand.

This was fifteen years ago. Charles Arlington Smith still runs the elevator in our apartment. Time has dealt gently with him. He has grown a trifle more slender. It is vastly more becoming. His eyes are dreamy. He seems lost in thought. Often he forgets and takes me beyond my floor. But I am never out of patience. He still writes his five thousand words a day. He has now written, so he confesses to me, 6,240,000 words.

"Surely the editors ought to buy something I have written," he said rather pathetically.

"I am afraid", I replied, "that you are one of those souls that will have to die to be appreciated."

"I'm afraid so. But if anything ever happens to me, you'll see that the editors get my stories, won't you?"

"I surely will, Charles Arlington Smith. But I hope you live a long, long time yet.... Careful, you are taking me past my floor again."

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LINCOLN'S RELIGION RESTATED

BY LUTHER EMERSON ROBINSON

NOT many characters in history have called out so large a body of interpretative literature as has grown up about the name of Abraham Lincoln. The stream of books still flows, for the definitive words have not all been written. No aspect of his life has excited more earnest controversy than his religion. Attempts to classify his faith have stretched between the most sharply contrasting poles of belief. Tested by the commonly invoked New Testament standard, some of those who knew Lincoln long and "intimately" have lustily contended to prove him an "infidel". Others have as energetically insisted that he was a Christian of reverent and unmistakable type. His belief in predestination, which Herndon called "fatalism", is pretty generally conceded. This feature of his religion is asserted to have been lifelong, and so ultra-orthodox that "it went the full length of current superstition". He has been variously claimed by atheist and Baptist, by Roman Catholic and Methodist, by Spiritualist and Quaker. Universalists and Unitarians have thought that he best fitted their tenets. The debate has been wide enough to maintain that Lincoln must have been connected with the Freemasons. It is apparently one of the benevolent penalties of his great and engaging personality that it was sufficiently latitudinarian to embrace the possessory rights of almost any segment of faith or opinion which might profit by the claim.

The subject is, of course, elusive enough to warrant an argument; and Lincoln's legacy is great enough to make it important to know the facts about his belief. Many books and articles, containing the fruits of more or less intelligent research, have endeavored to give a touch of finality to the dispute. So complex and devious is the psychology of the human mind in its attitude toward religion that the earlier findings were not sufficiently conclusive. Gradually and more scientifically, the sifting and synthesis of external testimony and internal evidence from Lincoln's authenticated works have made possible a more convincing report of the matter. By far the most satisfactory study of Lincoln's religion thus far published has come from the pen of William E. Barton, under the somewhat too comprehensive title of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln". This book is so important in its field that it must be regarded as necessary to any library, public or private, fittingly equipped for the critical consideration of Lincoln's religious history. The author's contribution in this volume is one which students of Lincoln have many times felt was needed toward a dispassionate and

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scholarly investigation of this side of the great President's thought and character.

That Lincoln was in large measure the product of the pioneer conditions which surrounded his boyhood and young manhood is a commonplace of interpretation. The educational limitations of his frontier environment, the stimuli of the plain folk who made up its sparse inhabitants, the infrequency of communication between points and with the more highly developed eastern states, the almost universal resort to hard manual labor in getting a start in the world, the checkered social and religious atmosphere growing slowly out of the diversity of beliefs and customs brought by immigrants into the western communities —these circumstances induced among the settlers an attitude of free thinking and action in religion and morals while they were absorbed with the more immediate demands of breaking up and cropping the new lands, building houses, and laying out towns and villages as centres of distribution. Mr. Barton gives necessary attention to these stimuli as they molded the soul of the young Lincoln. He pictures the light and shade of the conditions which impressed Lincoln's childhood and youth in Kentucky and Indiana as well as his facts will warrant. Lincoln's schooling, of course, was so meagre that his biographers have given all the exposure possible to the scanty opportunities he found for self-instruction. The social life of the frontiersmen was somewhat leavened by the "camp-meetings and revivals" conducted among them at intervals by the Hardshell Baptists and the New Lights and by the later influence of the Presbyterians. How much preaching the young Lincoln heard in Kentucky and Indiana is uncertain. One general effect of the pioneer preaching was to convict the popular conscience of the doctrine of predestination and the dogma of eternal punishment. Lincoln's faith was tinctured by the one, but his skepticism rejected the notion of eternal punishment.

Lincoln's religious environment in Illinois is not so difficult to reconstruct. His young manhood at New Salem forms an important chapter in his career. Mr. Barton's early professional life as a minister in rural Kentucky and Illinois enabled him to observe certain religious customs and beliefs, surviving from the pioneer period when Lincoln's mind was in the making, and his record throws an interesting side-light on the social conditions prevailing among the poor white class from which Lincoln sprung. An interesting custom was that of "deferred funerals". The advent of a preacher in the backwoods was rare, and there were instances where a settler would have the funerals of two deceased wives preached "at once". The author records the fact that a Berea College professor, as late as 1919, was engaged to preach the funeral of a boy who died ten years before.

For the facts both of his education and his religious reactions, diligent recourse has been made to the testimony of those who knew Lincoln at New Salem. Here Mentor Graham came into his life and instructed him in Kirkham's grammar as well as in the elements of surveying. Here he continued to read and reflect upon the Bible. Shakespeare, Burns, and Byron were among the poets he discovered. Newspapers were an important part of his mental dietary, and by chance Blackstone's "Commentaries" was made to supplement the Statutes of

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Indiana, which he had read before moving to Illinois. He reacted, too, to religion. For him, as for the average family, there was in his surroundings little suggestion of other-worldliness outside of the occasional camp-meeting and its sequential public baptism at the nearest creek or the funerals of those who died in the neighborhood. These events and the "occasional visitations" of the circuit riders to preach in the school-house or in the cabin of a receptive settler, contrasted piously with the Sunday hunting and fishing, "breaking young horses, shooting at marks, horse and foot racing, and the like".

As a young man lusty of life Lincoln shared in Indiana and Illinois the untutored freedom of acting and thinking common to his neighborhood. His penchant for reading brought him into contact with Volney's "Ruins" and Paine's "Age of Reason" as well as with the Bible and the poets. To reenforce his contention that Lincoln was an infidel, Herndon asserted that while at New Salem Lincoln wrote an essay to disprove the Bible as God's revelation and Jesus as the Son of God; that Lincoln's employer, Hill, snatched this little "book" and threw it into the stove to prevent its publicity from injuring the young man's political prospects. With the keenness of a trained advocate, Mr. Barton shows that Herndon actually knew very little of the New Salem Lincoln, that he depended upon hastily gathered hearsay evidence, and that what Lincoln actually wrote was a "little manuscript", which he showed to Mentor Graham, containing "a defense of universal salvation". As Graham wrote, Lincoln "took the passage, 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,' and followed with the proposition that whatever the breach or injury of Adam's transgression to the human race was, which no doubt was very great, was made right by the atonement of Christ."

But this was not "the book", says Mr. Barton, which Hill burned. Again, upon Mentor Graham's better testimony, he shows that Herndon did not know that the object burned in Hill's store was a letter Hill had written to McNamur about Ann Rutledge. This letter was found by some school children, who gave it to Lincoln, the postmaster, in Hill's store. "Some of the school children", wrote Graham, "had picked up the letter and handed it to Lincoln. Hill and Lincoln were talking about it, when Hill snatched the letter from Lincoln and put it into the fire. The letter was respecting a young lady, Miss Ann Rutledge, for whom all three of these gentlemen seemed to have respect."

Lincoln, then, did not, like Shelley, write a youthful essay to disprove traditional orthodoxy, but to give it as he believed a more rational interpretation. However, the storm of controversy over Lincoln's faith came, soon after his death, to centre upon a point of pure theology. J. G. Holland, editor at the time of "Scribner's Magazine", went to Springfield to gather materials for his biography of Lincoln. Among others, he interviewed Newton Bateman, State Superintendent of Education, who had known Lincoln long and intimately. Holland published as Bateman's words a confidential comment Lincoln had made to the latter during the presidential canvass of 1860, in which he expressed deep disappointment that a majority of the ministers of Springfield were reported as favoring Douglas for president. In this comment, Holland reported Lincoln as saying:

I know there is a God, and that He hates

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injustice and slavery.... I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright.

Then the theological storm broke loose. Lamon's "Life of Lincoln", based upon Herndon's notes and papers, soon followed and boldly challenged the veracity of Holland's report of Lincoln's words. The dispute focused upon the sentence, "I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." "Lincoln", wrote Lamon, "never in all that time let fall from his tongue or his pen an expression which remotely implied the slightest faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Savior of men." Herndon, also, strongly condemned the statement ascribed to Lincoln, and called upon Dr. Bateman to confirm or deny Holland's language. Herndon did not deny that Lincoln was a deist, but he was certain Lincoln had never acknowledged Jesus as the Christ of God. Lamon concluded that Bateman's memory had played him false or that he had thought it no wrong to employ a religious fraud to set at ease the public desire to be assured of Mr. Lincoln's orthodoxy. He maintained that Lincoln held all truth to be inspired, whether Newton's discoveries, a Baconian essay, or one of his own speeches.

Herndon wrote that his several attempts to get a statement of the case from Bateman for publication were unavailing, but that he had preserved notes of his interviews with Bateman, which one day would set the matter right. Meantime, the world could take his "word" for it that Holland was wrong. "If Bateman is correctly represented by Holland, he is the only man who will say Lincoln believed Jesus was the Christ of God, as the Christian world represents. Sometime my notes will show who is truthful, and who is not. I doubt whether Bateman is correctly represented."

These notes, as Mr. Barton remarks, have never been found. Bateman refused to respond to Herndon's inquisition. Later on he wrote, confidentially, that his conversation with Lincoln had turned upon the application of "moral and religious truth to the duties of the hour, the conditions of the country, and the conduct of public men—ministers of the gospel. Neither was thinking of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, Unitarianism, Trinitarianism or any other ism." Subsequently Bateman said to I. N. Arnold, who was preparing a Life of Lincoln, that Holland's report of the conversation in dispute was "substantially correct". Mr. Barton, however, concludes with Lamon and Herndon that Lincoln did not say, "I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." Lincoln could not have used such language, Mr. Barton writes, "with nothing to distinguish the view of Lincoln as Unitarian or Trinitarian". He is the more confident because Nicolay and Hay did not mention the incident, because Bateman did not refer to it in his subsequent lecture on Lincoln, and did not protest against the criticisms of Lamon and Herndon. Bateman and Holland, he feels, each incurred his "ratio" of error: five years had elapsed since Bateman had the words from Lincoln; besides, he was tempted "to enlarge upon the incident" as a concession to the desire of "Christian people for a clear statement" of Lin-

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coln's faith. Holland's discrepancy, he believes, arose from his being a writer of fiction as well as of history: thus, naturally, "he did not fail to embellish the story as Bateman told it to him". Finally, Holland, "probably did not write it down at the time, but recalled it afterward from memory". Although neither Holland nor Bateman intentionally falsified neither "cared, probably, to face too searching inquiry as to how the enlargement had come".

From our own knowledge of Lincoln's words referring here and there to his confidence in the Bible and its two supreme personalities which he recognized as giving it validity, it is difficult to see how, as a matter of logic, the author finds it necessary to conclude with Lamon and Herndon that Lincoln was not correctly quoted in the phrase, "Christ is God". It would have been obviously dishonest for Bateman gratuitously to offer the phrase to a biographer as Lincoln's own words, and just as dishonest for the biographer to insert it for the sake of embellishment. The phrase is quite *en rapport* with its context, particularly with, "I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same"; also with "Douglas don't care . . . but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care." If Bateman felt that neither he nor Lincoln, in the interview, was thinking of theological distinctions (such as Herndon was metaphysical enough to insist upon), but only of the application of "moral and religious truth" to public men and questions, why not take him at his word? It is more than likely that Lincoln used the words in question without consciously distinguishing his view as Unitarian or Trinitarian. Bateman was probably too self-respecting to engage in controversy with Herndon. Like Dr. Smith, whom Mr. Barton justly credits for influencing Lincoln's religious convictions, Bateman simply did not care to make Herndon his medium of communication to the public. He had confided to Holland the substance of an intimate personal talk with Lincoln, and felt that Holland had quoted him substantially as Lincoln had spoken to him. Herndon had read the words with a metaphysical coloring out of character, as far as he knew, with Lincoln's thinking; whereas, Lincoln had only implied his impression of the practical identity of Christ's teachings with God's will and character.

John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary, stated that "Mr. Lincoln did not, to my knowledge, in any way change his religious views, opinions, or beliefs, from the time he left Springfield to the day of his death." If this impression is substantially correct, what, then, was Lincoln's religious view?

On the matter of Christianity, Lincoln at no time declared himself with more perspicacity, perhaps, than in the letter he wrote to Reverend Dr. Ide and others, May 30, 1864:

> I can only thank you for thus adding to the effective and almost unanimous support which the Christian communities are so zealously giving to the country and to liberty. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise with anyone professing Christianity, or even having ordinary perception of right and wrong. To read the Bible as the word of God himself, that "in the sweat of *thy* face shalt thou eat bread", and to preach therefrom that, "in the sweat of *other men's* faces thou shalt eat bread", to my mind can scarcely be reconciled with honest sincerity.... When, a year or two ago, those professedly holy men of the South met in semblance of prayer and devotion, and, in the name of Him who said, "As ye would all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," appealed to the Christian world to aid them in doing to a whole race of men as they would have no man do unto themselves, to my thinking they contemned and insulted God and His church far more than did Satan when he

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tempted the Saviour with the kingdoms of the earth. The devil's attempt was no more false, and far less hypocritical. But let me forbear, remembering it is also written, "Judge not lest ye be judged."

Lincoln was no literalist in his interpretation of the Bible. The dogmas of the virgin birth and eternal punishment did not appeal to him as fundamental to the validity of the Bible as a divine revelation of religious truth. In the growth and composition of the book he was disposed to recognize the man-made element, but apparently this did not destroy for him its unique importance as a spiritual and ethical guide for humanity. In Chambers's "Vestiges of Creation" he discovered and accepted the principle of natural evolution. He did not unite with any church, but the evidence seems indisputable that he declared himself willing to join any church that asked assent only to the two great commandments. Like his education and his political history, his religious experience was a persistent evolution in search of the faith that best satisfied the demands of unselfish reason. The impact of pioneerism left its accent in his manners and sympathies. Nature made him a great gentleman and bestowed upon him a mind of superior powers. Emerson felicitously spoke of him as "an entirely public man". As such, he carried his unbroken and unfinished intellectual and spiritual development into his practice of church attendance, into his practice of daily prayer and meditation, and into his public policy and utterance. His was the almost perfect union of the western mind with the Hebraic spirit. These elements of his genius found their highest expression in his Second Inaugural, a state paper combining both history and religion into a masterpiece of pure literature.

Mr. Barton's volume is richly as well as carefully documented. He surpasses his predecessors both in the assemblage of external and internal evidence bearing with finality upon the much mooted question of Lincoln's religious faith. His book is so well done that it is likely long to remain the standard work on the subject.

The Soul of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. George H. Doran Company.

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A SIERRA POET IN THE MAKING

BY HERBERT COOPER THOMPSON

JOAQUIN MILLER, "poet of the Sierras", has come in for a revival in California. A magazine of San Francisco has not long since issued a memorial number (it is seven years since his death), and collectors are paying increasingly high premiums for his manuscripts and first editions. This is, to some extent, a tribute to his unique personality, for it is certain that he has, in death, lost none of his grip on the imaginations of those who knew him or knew of him. Tourists still make pilgrimages, as in his life, to the strange collection of cabins in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay, where he made his home.

Miller, besides his magnetism, admirable character, and whimsical originality, was a picturesque figure. Tall, powerful, with keen eyes, strong, handsome face and flowing beard, he made an imposing appearance on all occasions—a fact no one appreciated better than he. Cowhide boots, in which he stalked to fame in London's drawing-rooms in the early 'seventies, soft shirt, slouch hat, and corduroy clothes fulfilled the popular notion of the way a "poet of the Sierras" should look. Yet he was no mere "faker". He came honestly by his far-Western garb. He crossed the plains to Oregon during the gold rush, as a lad of ten; and before he finished his schooling, he had worked in the mines, fought Indians, and shot a deputy sheriff. Charles Warren Stoddard later wrote of him: "Never had a breezier bit of human nature dawned upon me this side of the South Seas than that Poet of the Sierras when he came to San Francisco in 1870." And a British reviewer in the days of his early fame correctly said that his superiority over Byron in certain respects lay in the fact that his materials were derived not from a morbid imagination, but from his own actual experience on the borders of civilization.

An episode in his early career relating to his fight with the deputy and other early reminiscences, hitherto unpublished, have been given to me by one of Miller's boyhood companions and newspaper associates, Colonel William Thompson of Alturas, California. And I am also heir to a number of backless ledgers in which the young poet scribbled at verse and political speeches and jotted personal notes while practising law in Canyon City, Oregon. These bits I here offer to his admirers.

"I am a genius," Miller declared to Thompson during his struggling years. "The world does not appreciate me, but it will yet recognize and honor my name." He did not say this boastfully. He said it because of his absolute faith in himself, although it well

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illustrates his characteristic simplicity and the child-like vanity of the man.

Miller was never a boaster as a boy, yet he allowed no one to excel him in feats of daring, whether swimming rapids or breaking a colt. His erratic moods, high spirits alternating with fits of depression, natural brilliancy, and love of the spectacular marked him apart from most of his fellows. In the mines of northern California, to which his love of adventure led him as a youth, he was known as "crazy Miller". There he made a living at the menial tasks assigned to boys, wrote poetry, preached, and finally got into serious trouble with the sheriff. He also did his first Indian fighting there, when a party of miners set out to punish a band of raiders. Despite a painful wound in the neck from an arrow during this fight, he used his rifle until the Indians fled in a rout. A miner who was present said afterward to Thompson that young Miller was alike fearless and indifferent to danger.

Miller worked at the mines for a rascally pair who promised him in reward a horse with bridle and saddle; but just before the expiration of his time, as a ruse for escaping payment, they discharged him for incompetency. The boy, without money to take the case to court, settled his grievance by running away with the horse and equipment. Friendly Indians gave him a refuge in the mountains. But his late employers obtained a warrant for felony. He was caught, despite the efforts of the Indians, and lodged in jail. Sympathetic miners, feeling the injustice of his treatment, helped him to escape. After some months in central California, laboring on ranches, he attempted to return to his Oregon home. Unfortunately, he was recognized in the mountains near the mines. The sheriff was notified. Two deputies left in chase. Miller saw them coming as he was crossing a bridge and hid in the brush, from which he opened fire with a revolver, wounding one deputy and killing the horse of the other. In return, he received a bullet in the fleshy part of his forearm.

Although the two deputies gave up the chase, Miller knew that a full posse would soon be on his trail. He rode straight on until, late at night, he arrived at a toll bridge, which was closed. Breaking the padlock, he threw open the gate, then doubled back and followed the river on the rear side in the hope of baffling his pursuers. This brought him to Klamath Lake in southern Oregon, which he crossed in a canoe hired from an Indian, swimming his horse.

The sheriff of Klamath had as deputy a notorious gun-fighter named Bradley, who undertook to capture Miller. He discovered the right trail, and even the Indian who paddled the fugitive across the lake. The chase continued well into southern Oregon, where Miller waylaid the deputy, covered him with a revolver, and forced him to give up arms and mule. The man was then left to find his way back afoot. As his own horse had given out, Miller shot him and proceeded on his fresh mount. But the mule also broke down under the hardships of mountain scaling and had to be killed. Miller then pushed on toward Canyon City in eastern Oregon, tramping across mountain and desert. By chance he met Thompson, who was coming down from the mines in a wagon. During the ride to town, Miller told his story and showed the wound in his arm, which he had bound with a strip of shirt. Thompson later verified Miller's story.

A sequel followed some years later

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when Miller went to Canyon City to practise law. Bradley, who was living there as a miner by day and gambler by night, hearing that his old adversary was coming, announced his intention of shooting him at sight. Miller, warned of the threat, went straight to Bradley's cabin. When Bradley opened the door, Miller held out a brace of revolvers and said he could take his choice of a weapon, if he had none of his own. Struck with admiration at Miller's audacity, Bradley held out the hand of friendship. It was accepted. And when Miller ran for judge of the county, Bradley was one of his staunchest supporters.

Unfair and distorted versions of this escapade in California followed Miller to Oregon. His life among the Indians also caused speculation among the gossips. But he obtained the best education the country afforded, taught school, ran an express, read law, became a county judge, and established himself as a respected citizen.

At this time, the settled and orderly section of Oregon extended south from Portland to Eugene City, at the head of the fertile Willamette valley. Miller entered Columbia College at Eugene. It was housed in a single building of wood. One day a fire broke out during class. All the students fled except Miller, who remained behind, throwing out books. He was in the second story when the building collapsed, and he saved himself only by jumping to the ground.

Miller obtained the money for his first journalistic venture from an express business in eastern Washington. Preceded by a reputation as a fighter, he was never once molested by the desperadoes in the wild region through which he drove, nor did he ever lose a dollar of the heavy remittances of bullion and gold dust that he carried for the miners at the "diggings" there.

As a Southern Democrat, in the heated days of Civil War, he narrowly escaped imprisonment for disloyalty during his newspaper experience at Eugene. After suppression and warnings, he founded a purely literary journal; but as he could not resist politics, this also was suppressed. Finally, he quit in discouragement.

It was at the close of the Civil War that Miller went to Canyon City to practise law. There he entered politics and secured the county judgeship. Yet, as his journals of this period show, he practised steadily at poetry. Apparently, poets were not regarded highly at Canyon City, for I note in a "Preface" to a collection of manuscript poems in one old ledger: "These pages, like their young writer, were born and raised on the highest mountain of the frontier; where painted savages are oftener met than savants and where rhyming is considered a mild type of insanity." The poet was born in Indiana, "raised" in the valleys of Oregon; and in 1869, the date of this preface, he was 28 years old.

Among the manuscript poems that follow is "Loua Ellah", which later appeared in his first booklet of poems, "Specimens". There is also an ode "To the Poets of California" beginning, "I am as one unlearned, uncouth." This ode, under the title of "To the Bards of San Francisco Bay", excited ridicule among the men it was meant to compliment when its author made his disappointing pilgrimage to the City of the Golden Gate.

In another ledger, we find some of his political speeches. "I ask for the nomination, first, because I am competent to fill the place; second, because I desire it," he says of the judge-

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ship. Some of his notes are biographical. For instance, he purposes to reside at Canyon City and strive to win the judgeship, which pays $1,200 a year. "I will spend all the money I can raise at it, and if I fail, will send my family away and try another county."

"Romance in Real Life" is the heading to several pages of bitter reflections written in the August of 1865. Once he says, "I have no friend on whose judgment I can rely or in whose secrecy I can trust." We find that he "sincerely deplored" but one act of importance in his life, and he was "about to undo that act". He "assumed a duty". Whatever his resolution was, it is easy to infer that the trouble was domestic.

"Joaquin et al." is the curious and unconsciously humorous title of his second book of poems. It was written at Canyon City and printed in Portland, Oregon, in 1869, under the name of Cincinnatus H. Miller; but in an autographic inscription which I have in my volume, he signs himself "Hiner". He was known to his friends as Hiner—a family name he later changed to Heine, in honor of the German singer. After the success of the poem "Joaquin" he was called "Joaquin" Miller by public and friends.

Miller served four years as judge at Canyon City. During this time, he led a company of irregular volunteers against the Snake Indians. His leadership, on one occasion, saved his men, who were caught in an Indian trap. Under his plans, they successfully broke through the surrounding lines and escaped.

Defeated for reelection, he returned to Eugene. His reputation as a poet was still local, when George Francis Train, a popular lecturer of the period who was then touring Oregon, chanced to read one of his poems. Train recited this from the platform in Eugene and publicly declared Miller a genius.

"You see, men of genius appreciate me," the poet remarked to Thompson after the lecture, in a voice shaken by emotion. "I am going where others besides Train can and will appreciate me, for I *am* a genius."

He then laid plans for his journey to London. Just before he left Eugene, he spoke so extravagantly of what he expected to accomplish in Europe, "where they appreciated genius", that even so old and intimate a friend as Colonel Thompson feared his wits had been touched.

Prior to his lionizing in London, Miller did not in town wear the miner's costume by which he was later distinguished. On the contrary, far from being rough in dress, he was, in the slang of the period, a "dude". He kept as close to fashion as his opportunities allowed, affected the niceties of the city and wore kid gloves.

The last time I saw him, he talked of pioneer days in a way that showed his heart was sincerely with the old West. This was only a few months before his death, as he lay helpless in bed in one of his hill cabins. A small cloth cap sat queerly on his head, his beard and long, thin locks were frosty white. He complained of a numbness of the legs, which prevented him from rising, but his mind was keen, and he was interested in a project for increasing his "forest". With his own hands, he told me, he set out fifty thousand trees; this was the first time he had passed this task to others. His daughter, whom he called "Babe", now directed a topknotted Korean at the task. As he talked of the early days and his projects, he seemed to me a typical old pioneer. Never did he look

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more the part of the "poet of the Sierras".

I brought the conversation around to his days in London and asked him about his friends, the pre-Raphaelites.

"They are all dead," Miller remarked, adding with a solemn shake of his head, "We all die."

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I am a disappointed story-teller;
The book I worked on with such zeal and zest,
Has proved too good to be a real Best Seller,
And yet not bad enough to be suppressed!

A FOREIGN MISCELLANY

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

THOSE who imagine that a man must pass a pretty inactive and occasionally dull time in his library or at the bookshop, are more often mistaken than they think. Of course, only too much of what's written adds to the gloom of the nations—never, naturally, anything that you or I write. Yet under certain conditions there's almost as much excitement in a heap of books as there is at a football game, and I'm not so sure but that the excitement is not fairly the same in both instances. We assemble to cheer our favorites, but like true sports are ready to yell lustily for a good play from the opposite side. We are on the lookout for "discoveries", and produce candidates for the "great American novel" with quite as much gusto as a sporting editor arranges his "all America" elevens; we watch the advancement of a promising chap from his first good play (on the footlights or the gridiron, as you like it) and pride ourselves upon having predicted his "arrival". And though this element may be non-literary, it surely contributes its share to making literature safe for enjoyment.

All of which is preliminary to the remark that this trying to keep up with several literatures at a time—please note that I said trying, for nobody really does it, or expects to do it—is a pursuit that makes the blood

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run faster. Is this volume of mad poems the work of an impostor, or is the apparent lunatic destined to be the initiator of a new and permanent "ism" in poesy? Is that thin little brochure which you're tempted to thrust aside possibly the first opus of a critic who in a few years will hold you in awe lest he comment adversely upon your own work? Of course, you read the foreign magazines, and every once in so often you encounter the blazoning-forth of a second Maeterlinck (you, who don't care a fig for the first one!) or an authentic descendant of Whitman, or a poet-playwright who with his initial work dethrones D'Annunzio, Sem Benelli *et al.* And when these books arrive, you read them first, being but human. As you read, you make up your mind that you're going to show these foreign critics a thing or two and teach them to hold their tongues about second Shakespeares and the like; their praise determines you to find fault, which is so much more easy than finding virtue. Wasn't it the brilliant Remy de Gourmont who spoke of one of Verhaeren's critics in this wise: "An unnamable critic notes some of the fiery errors of Verhaeren; a few 'out of a hundred others'. It is thither, toward the fault, the stain, the wound, that the mediocre spirit flies like an insect, with certain aim; he looks at neither the eyes nor the hair, neither the hands nor the throat, nor at the charm of the woman who passes by; he sees the mud with which a churl has bespattered her gown; he enjoys the sight; he would like to see the stain grow until it devoured both gown and flesh; he would have everything as ugly, filthy, and despicable as himself"? And then there is the opposite tendency to be on guard against: seeing only good in the literary universe. In fact, a certain Spaniard whose name I can't recall said that there was never a really and wholly bad book. Optimist!

Wherefore let us approach rather humbly a list of books chosen, from various tongues and climes, not at random, but with that sense of fallibility and literary excitement which may be gathered from the preceding paragraphs. First, from Italy, where a rival to Benelli and D'Annunzio seems to have arisen. For Ercole Luigi Morselli, whose tragedies "Glauco" and "Orione" have lately been published, directly upon the marked success of the first-named play at both Rome and Milan, has been called that and more by the independent, dynamic spirit Giovanni Papini, who is himself fast attaining to the intellectual leadership of Italian youth. Morselli is a young man, on the sunny side of thirty-five. He has been known for his "Storie da Ridere...E Da Piangere" (Tales Over Which to Laugh...And Weep) and for the satiric and generally successful book of contemporary fables called "Favole Per I Re D'Oggi" (Fables for the Kings of Today). For an appreciation of his plays, a perusal of the second-named book is instructive; it reveals just that combination of the ancient and the contemporary that strikes the reader of his tragedies; it reveals, too, a certain cynical outlook upon life, a philosophic scorn of man the individual that so often companions a love of him in the abstract. (Was it not Mephisto, in Sir William S. Gilbert's little-known and not at all unsuccessful adaptation of "Faust", entitled "Gretchen", who inveighed against the holy tribe

> Who pray for mankind in the aggregate
> And damn them all in detail!)

Morselli's tragedies are singularly free of scenic trappings and rhetorical

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inflation. There is a beautiful simplicity to his language which one need not be an Italian to appreciate. He writes a prose that is akin to poetry without being of that vapory, deliquescent variety considered by some "poetic". He knows the secret of a broad, rhythmic action in which the pictorial, the dramatic, and the vocal blend into a meaningful harmony. Out of two classic myths he creates two modern symbols. Glaucus is a Sicilian, in love with Scylla, and hears the sirens and tritons summon him to that wealth and glory of which he dreams; to him glory is even more than Scylla, and so great is her love that she helps him rob her father, that the foundations of his venture may be assured. Off fares Glaucus on his eager quest, resisting temptation on the way, returning successful only to find Scylla dead. Just as "Glaucus" symbolizes, in its beautiful simplicity, the great cost at which fame is purchased, so "Orion" reveals in similar, though less effective fashion, the littleness of man before the powers of nature and of death. Orion, earth-born, and defying all earth's creatures, after slaying the monster of the forest, dies from the sting of a scorpion that he deems beneath his notice. Morselli, in these plays, has renewed eternal truths for us. That is perhaps the essence of enduring art. His possible importance to the history of Italian and European drama may be gleaned from Papini's straightforward comment in a recent issue of his magazine "La Vraie Italie", published in French:

> Morselli does not follow pedantically the elaborated myths and the learned reconstructions of the Hellenists. He is not a patient and boresome archæologist like D'Annunzio; he cares very little for erudite bric-à-brac, for local color, for the scenery and supernumeraries that serve to conceal the impotency of the impotent. He penetrates to the very core of the psychological action and into the very souls of his personages.... He transports us into a magic world which is almost outside of time, but in that mythical and prehistoric world we see men who suffer, love, who betray, who take pleasure with the puissant frankness of elementary humanity. He uses the myth so as to obtain a superior lyric freedom that shall permit him to depict life in its very essence. He thus stands apart from all the makers of classic pastiches with which our literature has been infested from the sixteenth century to D'Annunzio and Benelli.

Of Grazia Deledda there is not much to say at this late date. She is too little known in this country, perhaps because of her distinct regionalism,—a phase of art that must likewise keep more than one good Spanish novelist from reaching a wide public here. Her latest book, containing two novelettes, presents no new aspect of her labors, but it does suggest a Russian influence which Spaniards and Italians are quick to deny on the part of their writers. This habit of crying "influence" at authors is one that is happily, among the more discerning critics, giving way to a deeper appreciation of the creative impulse and its workings; yet the interpenetration of nationalistic strains as exhibited in outstanding writers of the various countries is a literary fact (though it be often overstressed) which bespeaks a growing intellectual internationalism, except in those cases, of course, where servile imitation betrays itself.

From Spain we may soon expect an outpouring of Galdós literature, owing to the death of that great author in the early days of January. Galdós was of the race of the giants; though I could not on the instant tell just why, he has always been associated in my mind with Thomas Hardy, perhaps because of the architectural structure of his works, his intellectual bravery, his Prometheanism, his noble pessimism. Certain portraits of the men, when placed side by side, seem to show

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a spiritual resemblance, though such a fact would have but a personal significance at best. Nothing new on him has reached these shores as yet, with the exception of a small pamphlet which is of more than passing value because of the intimate notes it contains.

Volumes by Spanish Americans, on the other hand, though not presenting many new names, are as plentiful as ever. They range all the way from selections of anthological excerpts, through the novel, poetry, political essay, and biography. Among the most interesting, as much for the purpose behind them as for their intrinsic merit, are the books that come from the Cuba Contemporánea publishing house, Havana, under the directorship of Carlos de Velasco, who is not unknown in New York City. "Cuba Contemporánea" is incidentally the name of this firm's magazine,—an organ of excellent appearance and of pithy content which should be known to every person interested in the intellectual phase of Pan-Americanism. Recent publications of the firm include: a timely translation of Dumas's "Question of Divorce"—timely because it is only recently that a divorce law has been passed in Cuba, where certain ecclesiastical influences are at work to nullify its full effects; and an important collection of the letters of Estrada Palma, first president of Cuba, written from the Catalonian prison to which he had been sent during the years 1877 and 1888. The letters at times reveal that anti-ecclesiastical strain which is fostered by the firm. Most plainly of all, that strain comes out in Carlos Loveira's novel "Los Inmorales".

While it is true that a literal translation of "Los Inmorales" would bring down upon the book the fate of "Madeleine" and "Jurgen", perhaps it will not be lèse-Comstock to speak about the book as a whole, which is not devoid of merit despite certain deficiencies of structure and movement. Spanish Americans, when writing novels, seemingly find it impossible to leave out politics and social problems. Historically there is ample justification of such an attitude toward the art of fiction; but when one reads novel after novel in a vain attempt to escape, the theme begins to lose impressiveness unless handled by such a master as Rufino Blanco-Fombona or, to go back a generation, Alberto Blest Gana. Loveira's book, then, fulfils the purpose of the Cuba Contemporánea firm at the same time that it provides a readable piece of fiction; it is an evidence of ardent Cubanism, so to speak, and launches a dart in the direction of those institutions upholding rigid, inflexible marriage laws to the point of refusing divorce on any grounds whatsoever. The hero, Jacinto Estébanez, and the heroine, Elena, are both married, but not at first to each other. Neither is a model of the Sunday school type, and even in a society that freely admitted divorce à la Reno, they would hardly grow wings. What Loveira probably intends to show is that, in a world that does not countenance divorce, they are much worse off than they would otherwise be.

As soon as they are brought into each other's lives and are led to unite destinies, they commence to be shunned by individuals who are no better than they, nor worse. If Loveira's depiction of social conditions in Chile, Panama and Peru is photographic, there is altogether too much room for improvement in those countries. Spanish Americans, judging from the novels available, are far more honest (and harsh) in treating of their environ-

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ments, than writers of our own part of America; hypocrisy, indeed, is sometimes forced upon us by the censorious intrusion of crabbed spirits into realms where they are blind to nothing but the scabrous, the pornographic, and the lewd. We are fast being forced into logophobia, a fear of mere words in themselves; and it is humiliating to think of what laughter must have greeted certain recent events in the world of letters hereabouts when the news became known in Paris, say, or even Madrid.

At any rate, Loveira struggles against no such external prohibitions; the suggestion of his novel is one of non-conformity to the tribal impositions of society. Not necessarily nonconformity for its own cantankerous sake, but for the principles at stake. And if this be no great novel, it predicates a great attitude. Loveira, though seemingly a radical, has observed the proletarian movement closely and has learned to distinguish between the genuine spirit and the self-seeking agitator, of whom his hero early falls a victim. The novel is valuable for its first-hand knowledge of life among a certain stratum of the laboring element, and also for its glimpses into the contradictions and the incongruities of a social life that reeks with foulness beneath its glittering exterior. He manages somehow to convey the feeling that his protagonists' tribulations are not due solely to their erroneous social or antisocial views; society's oppositions he succeeds in endowing with a fate-like character of persecution; not often does he frankly become the preacher, using his engineer hero (he is himself, or was, an engineer) to voice the author's antagonism to Catholicism and its views upon marriage.

From a Mexican poetess, María Enriqueta, comes, by way of her first novel, an almost opposite view of things, written in a charming, simple, appealing manner that engages one's attention from the start. The novel, indeed, is stylistically just what one might have expected from a knowledge of her poems, which I have before likened to those of Sara Teasdale in our own tongue. "Jirón de Mundo" (which may be freely rendered "A Little Corner of the World") is the story of a convent-bred girl who cannot bear the outer world when she is plunged into it, and who seeks the bosom of the sanctuary once again when life overcomes her. The plot of the tale is somewhat strange, and for that reason worth dwelling upon for more than a moment; its working out, however, is marred by an excessive use of coincidence, though much can be forgiven because of the fine study of the tender, simple-hearted convent-girl, Teresa.

Teresa is an abandoned child; conventual life seems to hold little attraction for her, and has been varied by notes received from an anonymous invalid desirous of exclusively spiritual correspondence with a sympathetic soul. At last, however, the right opening for escape presents itself in the shape of an offer of a position as governess to a sick child; the employer, Dr. Santiesteban, lives near the convent, and has, besides the little child, a grown-up daughter Laura and a student son, Antonio. Teresa, being beautiful as well as religious, works havoc where she has meant to spread only cheer and restore health. She seemingly alienates the selfish Laura's "gentlemen" friends; wins the love of both widowed father and student son, and when at last openly accused by the daughter of having been instrumental in banishing Laura's suitor

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and of having designs upon the wealthy son, she can bear it no longer; and in proof of the fact that her affections are centred elsewhere, she throws upon the table a bundle of letters from her mysterious correspondent. And now comes the great climax. That correspondent is no other than Dr. Santiesteban himself, under the pseudonym Mauricio. This is the climax not only of the story of Teresa's life, of the doctor's career, but of Laura's furor. Finding her father in the act of declaring his love to Teresa, she at once assumes that it is Teresa who, having failed to catch the son, has sought a larger fortune in the parent. The scene she creates proves too much for the father, who dies in Teresa's arms. This world is too much for the girl; she returns to the Sacro Puerto.

The experienced novel-reader may, even from this fragmentary account, discern the technical faults of the tale; the poetess-novelist does, however, produce a certain atmosphere and provide a restful, if not convincing, tale for the discriminating fiction lover.

Once again the surroundings undergo a decided change when we take up Enrique Gómez Carrillo's autobiographical account of thirty years of his life. An eventful thirty years indeed, requiring three parts so far, the third of which is now running in his lively magazine "Cosmopolis". It is a pity that our own writers, when discoursing of themselves and their experiences, cannot impart the charm that this veteran traveler, journalist, and editor casts over his pages. Gómez Carrillo is one of the foremost names in Spanish-American letters; to the average North American he means nothing at all. His autobiography reads like a straight piece of fiction, and it is hard to believe that the man has not permitted his literary propensities to guide his recollections. Surely this is one of the most interesting novels written by a Spanish American in many a moon. You may pick it up without any thought of learning about the author,—with the direct purpose of enjoying a well-told tale,—and you will not be disappointed. These men are so frank in their manner, so human in their attitude, so unexpurgated (yet by no manner of means vulgar) in their narrative, that one readily forgives the touch of "literature" because the breath of a greater honesty has blown across the pages. Gómez Carrillo writes a musical, compelling prose,—a prose which in the hands of the modernist Spanish Americans is quite as ductile as the writing of the leading French stylists.

Among reprints or new collections of established writers are groups of poems by that strange Uruguayan figure, Julio Herrera y Reissig, and Blanco-Fombona's admirable novel "El Hombre de Hierro". Herrera y Reissig is even today, some years after his death, a puzzle to many of his continental readers. Everything about him,—his career, his poetry, his prose, his æsthetics,—was touched with rarity, complexity; and he is as a writer difficult to approach unless you have something in your personality that vibrates in sympathy to his haunting note. He is certainly no writer for the crowd, and will never be popular, though he has been recognized as having had an important influence upon the multifarious development of Spanish-American letters of the recent active and ebullient years. Some day, perhaps, a literary psychologist will come along to explain why epochs of transition and of so-called decadence produce such strange figures as

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the Baudelaires and the Verlaines in France, and such equally strange personalities as the Silvas, the Casals, the Herrera y Reissigs in southern America.

If southern modernism produced its frail, psychopathic geniuses, it has given us on the contrary such robust spirits as Chocano and Blanco-Fombona. This Parisian edition of "The Man of Iron" is the third publication of that notable Venezuelan tale, in which the irony of a humble, honest, meek soul's existence is treated with a rare appeal, a rigid economy of words and characters, a glowing humanism and artistic independence. It should be of interest to readers of this nation that the same author's "The Man of Gold", a novel with all the irony and artistry of its predecessor, is soon to appear in English. Blanco-Fombona is without doubt one of the great present leaders of Spanish-American thought; as a man of action and a man of the pen, directing what is perhaps the chief publication centre of the standard works by Spanish-American writers, he has, from his present abode in Madrid, shed new light upon almost every field of the new republic's activities.

While we here, just awakening to the culture of the southern continent, may be inclined to rebuke ourselves for our negligence, we should not forget that Spain itself was quite as much in need of enlightenment, and that even now, in that country, knowledge of Spanish-American art and letters is by no means general. Several important libraries of publications have of late sprung up and are performing valuable service; in addition to Blanco-Fombona's enterprise is the series headed by Ventura Garcia Calderón, brother of Francisco Garcia Calderón. The latter is by some looked upon as the present leader of Spanish-American thought and the logical continuator of José Enrique Rodó. In his new book "Ideas and Impressions" he treats of several topics directly concerning our own nation; though he is here but less harsh than many of his continental brethren, I understand that he has changed his views of late, as a result of the recent war, and that he looks with far more favor than before upon this nation. The change of attitude is of great significance; our southern neighbors study us far more closely than we study them, and it is good to see ourselves through the eyes of others.

From Spanish America to the East Side of New York is a far jump geographically, but not quite so far when considered on the literary map. The East Side has always been a hotbed of literature; "isms" bubble here in unending effervescence and world-movements are quickly noticed, discussed, assimilated, fought, and settled. Open the new 1920 Introspectivist anthology, for example, and read the introductory statement of this new group. Another "ism"? Perhaps, if you like labels. But in reality there is nothing new in the statement, except the youthful spirit of the signers. The manifesto, which is moderate and tolerant in tone—surprising qualities from youth!—is surely a grandchild of the symbolistic pronouncements in France, though brought down to date in the matter of free verse and the rest. There is the same assertion of personality, of the individual seeking only within for themes, of nuance in art, of untrammeled individuality.

And best of all, the poems that follow upon the manifesto do not shame the statement. There are promising poets in this collection, particularly Lewis, Leyeless and Glatstein. That

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they do not deal high-handedly with their immediate predecessors, and that they most sensibly do not draw up a set of iron-clad rules to which every adherent must subscribe, speaks well for their progress. The literary "schools" of the future—if future individualism will allow schools!—will doubtless be a friendly association of congenial spirits, not a close corporation of self-appointed, dogmatic apostles. In order to progress from the past, it is by no means necessary to deny that past; nor can denying it abolish it by fiat. It is only when the past tries to rule the present that it should be taught its place; and as far as art is concerned, it is often possible for past, present, and future to be coeval. Indeed, are not past, present, and future really coeval in the individual?

An important collection,—important both because of the writer represented and the distinguished editor of the books,—is the twelve-volume edition of the works of Isaac Leib Perez, —the greatest name in Yiddish literature and regarded as one of the greatest writers produced in any tongue during the nineteenth century. It is particularly appropriate that David Pinski should edit this collection. Pinski was associated with Perez in the old country; he was his friend and collaborator; he is today one of the Yiddish authors revealing the finest grasp upon the artistic side of his profession; writing, to him (and no pun intended), is almost a rite; it is a pity that his numerous activities as man of business, as editor and as Zionist leader, should prevent him from producing more original work. Some day that part of New York which has appreciated the production of Benavente's "Bonds of Interest" and recently thronged to the same genius's "The Passion Flower",—which applauded St. John G. Ervine's "John Ferguson" and similar plays,—will discover the author of "The Treasure" and a score of one-act plays that should long have been known to the discriminating playgoers of the metropolis. Of the Perez volumes, two have so far appeared. Their style does justice to the noble figure they commemorate.

Glauco; Orione. By Ercole Luigi Morselli. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

Il Ritorno del Figlio; La Bambina Rubata. By Grazia Deledda. Ibid.

Don Benito Pérez Galdós. By Rafael de Mesa. Madrid: Juan Pueyo.

La Cuestión del Divorcio. Traducción del francés. Havana: Sociedad Editorial Cuba Contemporánea.

Cartas Familiares y Billetes de Paris. Version Castellana de la 2a edición portuguesa. By Carlos de Velasco. Ibid.

Los Inmorales. By Carlos Loveira. Ibid.

Jirón de Mundo. Novela. By María Enriqueta. Madrid: Editorial América.

Treinta Años de mi Vida. By Enrique Gómez Carrillo. Madrid: Juan Pueyo.

Los Parques Abandonados. Sonetos. By Julio Herrera y Reissig. Buenos Aires: Ediciones Selectas "América".

Las Pascuas del Tiempo. By Julio Herrera y Reissig. Madrid: Editorial América.

El Hombre de Hierro. By Rufino Blanco-Fombona. Paris: Garnier Frères.

Ideas é Impresiones. By Francisco Garcia Calderón. Madrid: Editorial América.

In Sich. (Yiddish anthology of a new "introspectivist" group.) New York: Meisel.

Die Werk von Itskhok Leibush Perez. Zusammengestellt unter der redactzion von David Pinski. (The Works of Isaac L. Perez, edited by David Pinski.) New York: Verlag Yiddish.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

By Constance Murray Greene

IF "Invincible Minnie" had been written by a man instead of a woman he would probably have been lynched before this. The creation of Minnie equals if it does not surpass anything that our literature offers in the way of womanly viciousness, and would be insupportable coming from a man. As it is, however, these terrible revelations regarding womanhood are very pleasing—a triumph of provocative and thirst-producing reading so far as further work by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, whose first novel this is, is concerned. It is good to find women who are courageous enough to lay bare the fullest horror of their sex, and let no one take up the defense of these monsters whom they portray. As a modern essayist has said, "some of the wickedest women in the world have been mothers". Which being true, prevents even Minnie's maternity from touching the properly minded person. This book is not for sentimentalists.

If you admit that such women as Minnie exist, the question is immediately hurled at you, whether they have masculine counterparts; and the next thing is to ferret out the man who can put one into fiction. It will be difficult to discover whether there actually are such people as Minnie because their greatest strength would lie in their ability to delude those nearest them. And it is this also which makes Mrs. Holding's book such a firebrand. You may have had a Minnie in your home for years without knowing it; but having chanced upon this book, the world will be changed. Death would be preferable to discovering a Minnie in your midst.

For this woman revealed to us is that most terrible of all,—the cold, plodding, self-deceived devil:

> Minnie had, one might say, no sex at all, no trace of passion—she had nothing but her instincts and her cool temperament to protect her.... Hers was a conscience which imperiously required satisfaction, but as she was always certain that all her aims were beyond reproach, her conscience never refused to sanction whatever means she employed in arriving at them. She was more than a Jesuit. She did not so much believe that bad means were justified by a worthy end; she was simply convinced that no means used by her were, or could possibly be, bad.

As a foil for Minnie, slovenly, lacking in charm, intellect and honor, we have the sister Frankie, strong, eager, alluring, and it is in the completeness of this contrast and the preserving of Minnie's invincibility in the face of it, that Mrs. Holding has made her tour de force. Only a degree less arresting than her character building, however, is the author's method of telling the story. After a normal start—man riding up to the house and confronting the girl—the only normal thing about the book perhaps, there follows a series of leaps and bounds backward and forward, a zigzag of results followed by causes. This makes it impossible for the most infinitesimal bit

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of boredom to attend the reader's progress and offers him a chance to decide for himself, when he has seen the result, whether the cause is worth following up.

With us there was no doubt after the second page that the book would prove utterly captivating, for there Mr. Peterson is described as having a "long yellow moustache, standing out fiercely like a cat's"; and reading on a matter of two or three pages, we encountered that "ridiculously coy old skeleton", the Defoe horse. It is inconceivable that a person capable of immortalizing horses and moustaches at a stroke could fail to do superlatively well with human beings.

Invincible Minnie. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. George H. Doran Company.

NEW GRUDGES FOR OLD

By Robert Livingston Schuyler

DURING the dark days in the spring of 1918, when we were holding our breath while Ludendorff threw the German dice for the last time, Owen Wister made up his mind that we ought to leave off hating England. This conclusion he set forth in an article written in May, 1918, and published the following November in "The American Magazine". To emphasize and substantiate it further is the purpose of his book, "A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge", recently published.

The same conclusion had already been reached by many other Americans who had been brought to a realization of the disadvantages of continuing to cherish the old national animosity toward England, now that we were associated with her in war against Germany. Even before 1914 a few Americans had come to perceive the futility and the danger of perpetuating the ancient grudge and were exerting themselves to improve relations between the two English-speaking peoples. Their arguments were temperate and their intentions benevolent, but they made little impression upon American public opinion. Mr. Wister was not one of them. A few years before the war, he tells us (page 205), he declined an invitation to join a society for the promotion of more friendly relations between the United States and England because he was still thinking of George III and the "Alabama", still nursing the ancient grievance. From this frame of mind mere reason and knowledge would probably never have converted him. It required the "Hun" to do that; that is to say, it required a new and overmastering animosity to displace the old one. It must be admitted that Mr. Wister made a good exchange, for the grudge against Germany is, as grudges go, a very good one indeed, since it is to be eternal. Germany is at heart "an untamed, unchanged wild beast, *never to be trusted again*" (page 44). The italics are mine; they throw a flood of light upon Mr. Wister's point of view.

American enmity toward England, we read (page 8), rests upon three foundations: our school histories of the American Revolution, "certain policies and actions of England since then, generally distorted or falsified by our politicians", and "certain national traits in each country that the other does not share and which have hitherto produced perennial personal friction between thousands of English and American individuals of every station in life".

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The discussion of the last of these foundations, contained in the chapter entitled "Rude Britannia, Crude Columbia", is the best thing in the book. By anecdote and illustration Mr. Wister shows, in felicitous manner, why Englishmen and Americans so often rub each other the wrong way. A reading of this chapter might save Americans intending to visit England some unpleasantness.

Unfortunately Mr. Wister is not as good at history as he is at anecdote, and he is, therefore, not so happy in dealing with the other two of his three foundations. He is quite right in holding our school histories responsible for much of our traditional anti-English bias, but his own interpretation of the Revolution is as distorted as theirs. He concludes,—apparently from a reading of Mr. Sydney George Fisher and Mr. Charles Altschul, who are the only authorities on the Revolution and the treatment of it in our text-books to whom he refers,—that our quarrel with England "rested in reality upon very slender justification" (page 89); and he ventures the suggestion that the writers of our school text-books adopted a strongly anti-English tone because they "felt that our case against England was not in truth very strong" and "that they needed to bolster our cause up for the benefit of the young" (pages 88, 89). But if our cause was indeed so weak as to require such Prussian-like manipulation of history, Mr. Wister leaves wholly unexplained the sympathy felt for us in England, which he not only mentions but exaggerates and exploits to show that only George III and his friends and the Hessian hirelings were against us.

In chapters X-XIII the author essays the somewhat ambitious task of setting his fellow citizens right on those events in the history of Anglo-American relations from the Revolution to the present which, "distorted" or "falsified", have contributed to our anti-English "complex". Mr. Wister is too good a writer of fiction to be quite satisfactory as a historian. He relies too much upon imagination and invention; he deals with historic personages as though they were characters in a novel, to be managed as the requirements of the plot dictate. Here are a few of the liberties which he takes with history. He makes Spain and the United States "recent friends" in 1783 (page 109). He makes England's victory at Waterloo "a threat to all monarchical and dynastic systems of government" (page 116). He makes Metternich organize the Holy Alliance in 1822 in order to put an end to representative government (page 117). He implies that Canning proposed the Monroe Doctrine (pages 117, 119, 120); and makes the Monroe Doctrine, from the date of its promulgation to the present, rest "upon the broad back of the British Navy" (page 120). He makes Great Britain and the United States settle the Maine boundary by arbitration (page 127). He makes England propose the compromise by which the Oregon dispute was adjusted (page 128). He makes Great Britain and the United States agree in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty "that both should build and run the canal" (page 129). He makes Queen Victoria avert war between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair (page 160), though it is generally understood that it was Prince Albert who softened the tone of the British dispatch that might have precipitated hostilities. But then Prince Albert was a German, and Mr. Wister could not, for obvious reasons, permit him to have a hand in

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preventing war between our British cousins and ourselves. Queen Victoria, too, was somewhat German, to be sure, but not so German.

The fact is that this book of Mr. Wister's, like his earlier "Pentecost of Calamity", is a product of war psychology. Passion and hate and ignorance presided at its birth. At the same time that he tries to allay one international animosity Mr. Wister does his best to perpetuate another. It is a case of off with the old hate, on with the new. In pleading for better relations with England he urges his readers "never to generalize the character of a whole nation by the acts of individual members of it" (page 20), after which sensible advice he tells them that "the eyes of the Hun, the bird of prey, had been fixed upon us as a juicy morsel" (page 34), that "the only sure thing is, that the Germany of yesterday is the Germany of to-morrow. She is not changed. She will not change" (page 46). Could generalization and the personalizing of a nation be carried further? One wonders whether Mr. Wister would continue to be pro-English if by a miracle he should cease to be anti-German.

A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co.

MR. ADE ON PROHIBITION AND OTHER THINGS

By Gertrude M. Purcell

IF you have to be burned at the stake", decrees our latter-day Æsop, "be a good fellow and collect your own firewood." Good advice for the average citizen who sits down to make out his income tax blanks. Clearly, the only thing we are *not* to do, in this age of governmental heckling, is to collect our own firewater.

Which brings us to Prohibition. Somewhat wearily we see that this threadbare subject has its quota of "Hand-Made Fables". Let us announce the unpleasant truth, and get it over,—the fables on the lingering thirst and the boundless Sahara are, to borrow one of Mr. Ade's own epithets, distinctly *blah.* The desire to skip leaps upon us when we encounter the typical "Old Soak" reminiscences.

Barring his treatment of this arid topic, the rest of the book is sheer delight, from the typist who was "more of a Blonde than a typist", to the lady whose "costume would have been a Siren Whistle if Colours could have been converted into Sounds".

The best of these canny satires are "The Man who Wanted His Europe" and "The Uplift". In the latter, a man returns to America after twenty years. He finds that "the Female seemed to have come into her Own and then kept on Coming...she knew a great many Things that had been Kept from her Grandfather".

"Many are wise to Europe, but few have the Manhood to speak out," warns the moral of "The Man Who Wanted His Europe". "Be on the level with yourself. If you will not walk across the Street in your Native Town to look at real Specimens of Art imported by some generous Millionaire, don't kid yourself into thinking that you will blossom into a Ruskin fan when you go abroad. No matter how many Miles a Man may Travel, he will never get ahead of Himself."

Slang is slang, but Mr. Ade frequently overreaches himself. He becomes neo-Dunsany in his manufacture of epithets: "He was a Flumpie,

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which is a Cross between a Gugg and a Yap."

Distinctly blah, Mr. Ade, distinctly blah.

Hand-Made Fables. By George Ade. Doubleday, Page and Co.

SWINBURNE AND PETER PAN

By Raymond M. Weaver

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Red Queen that Alice found in the looking-glass were both great queens. Victoria would doubtless have found the Red Queen a little gaudy—and they would doubtless have exhibited together the hostile amenities of women with strong minds. But Victoria used to indulge earnest conversations with Gladstone—an indulgence that vastly heightens her comic charms. It is reported that on one occasion when Victoria and Gladstone touched upon poets-laureate as a detail of state business, Victoria enriched the canons of criticism by the pronouncement: "I am told that Mr. Swinburne is the best poet in my dominions". Some malicious wit had evidently been trying to tamper with Victoria's sense of respectability. No "proper" age, as a matter of sober fact, has ever left behind it so much that is fundamentally improper or morally vicious as has the Victorian: and there is adequate irony in the fact that the most courageously "proper" of queens should have singled out for second-hand primacy among poets a man who so flagrantly violated—except in his excessive drinking—all of the sacred conventionalities of the reign. Gladstone doubtless aided the queen to a more orthodox evaluation of Swinburne: perhaps he told her which of the "Songs before Sunrise" she should not read. And he may have reported by hearsay some of the items of Swinburne's life.

Swinburne's "Life" has since been written, with some attempt at fulness, by Edmund Gosse; a bulk of Swinburne's letters have been collected and edited. Except to tickle the pruriency of lovers of gossip, or to whet the cravings of clinical psychologists, it is not obvious why further personal details of Swinburne's life should be printed and sold. Coulson Kernahan —author of an earlier book on Swinburne and his group entitled "In Good Company"—now comes forward with a second volume on the same subject: "Swinburne as I Knew Him". Thanks to the admissions of Mr. Gosse's "Life", Mr. Kernahan feels now justified in dropping his earlier reserve for a more contemporary "wise frankness". Those who read into this admission, however, a promise of lurid revelations, have mistaken either Swinburne's indiscretions or Mr. Kernahan's wisdom. "Though I have written frankly of Watts-Dunton, as well as of Swinburne, and have not sought to paint him as other than he was, and so not without human failings", is Mr. Kernahan's amiable admission, "my affection for him, and the honour in which I bear him, have only deepened with the passing of years."

The book leads off with four unimportant letters from Swinburne to his cousin, the Honorable Lady Henniker Heaton. This flat introductory flourish heralds ten thin gossipy essays. The first, "The Story of a Dear Deceit", recounts how Watts-Dunton, by rhetoric and sentimentality, reformed Swinburne of an ambitious consump-

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tion of brandy and left him with a taste for beer to solace his final years. And Swinburne's later writings suggest the danger of tampering with a poet's drinks. The second sketch, "Oh, Those Poets", gives another example of Watts-Dunton's insight into and patience with Swinburne's petulant excitability: on this occasion Swinburne having literally, in his thin, reedy, and shrill voice, "talked himself drunk". "George Borrow in a Frock-coat" is Watts-Dunton, "an eminently respectable suburban solicitor, conservative of habit and tastes" who used to bore his friends—and Swinburne in particular, with the mild delusion that he was at heart "half a gypsy and all a Bohemian". The tenth and last "chapter" wears unabashed the caption "All my memories of him are glad and gracious memories". Mr. Kernahan here contumeliously equates the "artistic temperament" with "erratic mediocrity": terms too trivial to compass Swinburne's "genius". Swinburne is pressed into the congregation of "the great" and in peroration is pronounced "the divinest and most majestic singer of the Sunrise and the Sea, yet, none the less, an immortal youth, a Peter Pan of poetry who never grew old, but remained in love with Life, in love with Love, and in love with Song, to his own life's end". This "immortal youth"—who in writing about a harlot composed a learned and sympathetic and indecent parody on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—must have been a naughty and precocious child. Mr. Kernahan, who finds Swinburne and Peter Pan well-mated playfellows, is an original and diverting critic. But poor Peter Pan!

Swinburne As I Knew Him. By Coulson Kernahan. John Lane Co.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Wilbur Cortez Abbott

WHATEVER reservations one may have as to the completeness of her account, however he may differ with some of her conclusions, no one can deny that Mrs. Webster has written an extraordinarily interesting book about the French Revolution. In the main her thesis is that this great movement was not, in any real sense, a popular uprising; that it was produced, especially on the side of its more terrible episodes, by a relatively small group, centring in the king's cousin, the Duke of Orleans; and that it was a true conspiracy, instigated by him and his followers, aided and abetted by Prussian influence, and sympathized with, if not actually helped, by certain radical elements in England. And not the least interesting of her conclusions is that the elements of unrest in the world today—"the subversives", the *"enragés"*—are not unmindful of the same methods and the same support as that given to their forebears of 1789.

Her thesis is not wholly new, but nowhere, perhaps, has it been worked out in such detail, with such completeness, and with such a single eye to its overwhelming influence and conclusions. It may be—it is—but one side of the truth, but it is a stronger case for that and it produces thought. There is no one, looking on the world and its peculiar phenomena today, who will not be interested—and, it may be, better informed—in reading this terrible story.

What remains to be said is this. It is all but inconceivable, even taking into account the political inertia of the masses, that a system so deeply

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rooted as French monarchy was—according to her account—could have been overthrown by such a conspiracy as that of the Orleanists, had it possessed true elements of strength and direction. It was no less the weakness of monarchy than the strength of conspiracy which brought about the success of the French Revolution, as of any such government and any such movement at any time. It may be, as she declares, that it was the humanity of the king, refusing at the most terrible crises of his career to permit the shedding of blood, which was the underlying reason for the success of the revolutionaries. But that declaration is, itself, a confession of weakness on the part of monarchy, as well as of a monarch, who, however amiable, was not essentially a ruler of men, much less a statesman. For to meet a threat of force with even the most amiable of sentiments and the most humane of dispositions is not only unkingly, it is often less than kind.

Yet this is a book to be reckoned with by anyone who wishes to recognize and understand the springs of popular movements, then or now. It is, quite frankly, an anti-revolutionary work. It attacks the revolutionary leaders in France more bitterly, and with more substantial proofs, than any volumes since Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution". It is not merely historical, it is at times polemical. It overstates its case in an endeavor to emphasize the dangers and the downright wickedness of revolutions and revolutionaries. It is, perhaps, too long. Certainly it is prejudiced. But it is a good piece of work, and good reading, for all that, and any account of the French Revolution must reckon with it and the material on which it is based. That material is, for the most part, not new. It is derived largely from one set of sources, and those least favorable to the Revolution. But it is there; a great deal of it is unquestionably true; and the facts which it records are hard to evade or to explain away.

And the book has a value and a significance at this time beyond even the terrible story which it tells. It is part of a well-defined, if unorganized, literary movement opposed to the unparalleled revolutionary propaganda which has deluged the world with books—and blood—in the past few years. Whatever good they may accomplish, however they may be glorified, the fact remains that revolutions, like those of France in the eighteenth century, and of Russia in the twentieth, are terrible things. And there is coming to be a suspicion in many minds that the results of these catastrophes might conceivably have been attained without such vast expenditure of life and property. As Macaulay says of the Revolution of 1688, bloodless as it was, its chief praise lies in the fact that it was the *last* of such events which took place in English history. And he was the historian of revolution.

The French Revolution. A Study in Democracy. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton and Co.

NEGOTIATING WITH PRINCES

By Maurice Francis Egan

THIS book is a jewel. Among the mass of indefinite views, and in the bewildering vistas of ill-defined opinions on diplomacy, de Callières's volume "On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes", with its admirable

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preface by A. F. Whyte, is a very precious addition to the small number of books on the management of foreign negotiations in these days worth careful preservation. Originally published in France in 1716, it is the best treatise on the principles of diplomacy that has yet appeared in English, and Mr. Whyte's preface not only interprets it but adds new touches to the value of its content.

On all sides, among intelligent and thinking people, there is a demand for the correction of the faults in our foreign service,—a demand which is growing and which is bound to become irresistible—but the popular idea that any man who has served a political party with energy ought to be eligible for the foreign service is still very prevalent among persons who either do not take the trouble to think or take idle speculation and the absorption of ready-made opinion for the processes of real thought.

To the eager mind there is not a dull page in this excellently translated volume. It is as opportune as it is interesting. For example, let us take Mr. Whyte's lucid paragraph on diplomatic secrecy. The manner in which the majority of our compatriots talk of what is called "secret diplomacy" is more than sufficient to make the judicious grieve and the irritable curse; and the number of foolish articles written by ignorant idealists,—and the ignorant and the thoughtless are through their fluent vocabularies injuring the cause of idealism,—fill many pages that might, in this moment of the shortage of paper, be left blank for better things.

In his introduction Mr. Whyte says:

> In the customary argument against diplomatic secrecy, however, there is some confusion in thought. It is against secret *politics*, in which the national liability may be unlimited, that the only genuine protest can be raised; for such policies are the very negation of democracy, and the denial of the most fundamental of all popular rights, namely, that the citizen shall know on what terms his country may ask him to lay down his life. But this justification of popular control does not presuppose the publication of diplomatic negotiations. On the contrary, it rests on the assumption that the People and Parliament will know where to draw the line between necessary control in matters of principle and the equally necessary discretionary freedom of the expert in negotiation. It follows, therefore, that the case for reform is only weakened by those who make indiscriminate attacks against the whole Diplomatic Service—how richly deserved in some cases, how flagrantly unjust in others—and especially by those who profess to believe that the machinery of diplomacy could be made to run more smoothly by publicity. The modern Press is not so happy a commentator as all that; and we may here recall Napoleon's apposite reflection: "Le canon a tué la féodalité: l'encre tuera la société moderne." If it is necessary for the public welfare that foreign policy should be known and intelligently discussed by the people whom it so closely concerns, it is just as necessary that the people should not meddle with the actual process of diplomacy, but, having made sure of getting the best of their public servants in their Foreign Service, should confidently leave such transactions undisturbed in the hands of the expert. In all the activities of government that is clearly the proper division of labour between the common people and the expert adviser; and in no department should it be more scrupulously observed than in foreign affairs.

We have recently felt the truth of this. The vacillations on the part of men who tried to adapt the new and unworkable "democratic" system of managing affairs by natural intuition, and by subservience to inexpert opinion, corroborate the truth of Mr. Whyte's distinctions. There is no question that diplomacy is one of the highest of political arts; and so important is the character of the man chosen to represent his country, that the government which sends him abroad undertakes the responsibility for whatever good or evil may follow his appointment. De Callières emphasizes the fact that wherever the negotiator is to blame, the true responsibility for the evils occasioned by his failure must be borne by the

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government that sent him. He adds that men of small minds should content themselves with employment at home, where their errors may be easily repaired, "for errors committed abroad are too often irreparable".

The story of a Grand Duke of Tuscany who complained that the envoy sent to Rome by the Republic of Venice had neither judgment nor knowledge, nor even personal attractiveness, is well known. The Venetian to whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany complained said, "I am not surprised. We have many fools in Venice." Whereupon the Grand Duke retorted: "We have also fools in Florence, but we take care not to export them."

Some of de Callières's recommendations will hardly meet with popular approval in our country. For instance, he recommends that one of the best means of gaining the good will of a prince is to allow him to win money from the envoy at cards. It is necessary then that the envoy should be supplied with money for losses in such a good cause. Our own State Department, however, has never permitted any disbursement of this kind to be set down against a contingent fund! Still, however, in spite of the growing determination of the American enemies of tobacco to include cards as evils which they are to exterminate, the game of bridge yet remains as an almost necessary accomplishment of ambassadors, even to the most democratic of nations.

Of a successful French diplomatist, de Callières writes: "My friend used to say in jest that he had played the fool at foreign card-tables in order to prove that he was a wise man at home. His jest bore a truth within it which I hope every negotiator will lay at heart!"

There is scarcely any principle that ought to govern a modern diplomatist which this very prudent and experienced statesman does not inculcate; and at the end of the volume, one is impressed not only by the good faith and the common sense and experience of de Callières, but by the good judgment of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, who encouraged such a minister.

In closing this treatise, which always ought to be a part of the preparation for every American who intends to enter the diplomatic service, de Callières says that if a diplomatist should lack due recognition, "he may find his own recompense in the satisfaction of having faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties laid upon him. It has often been said that the public service is an ungrateful task in which a man must find his chief recompense within himself. If I am held to agree to this, I cannot allow it to be used as a discouragement to young men of good birth and ability from entering my own profession. Disappointment awaits us in all walks of life, but in no profession are disappointments so amply outweighed by rich opportunities as in the practice of diplomacy."

On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes. By Monsieur de Callières. Translated by A. F. Whyte. Houghton Mifflin Co.

CHESS PLUS PERSONALITY

By Moreby Acklom

IT is not everyone that can make the subject of chess interesting for the uninitiated; in fact, the only writer than I can recall who has ever managed to make the subject of chess enjoyable to the general public is H. G. Wells, who once wrote a delightful

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little humoresque chess story in the early nineties of last century, when he was contributing anonymously to the now long defunct "Pall Mall Budget".

Capablanca's book is not intentionally humorous, though it contains the elements of humor. It is primarily the frank, naive revelation of a personality, and as such is of general interest to all who are concerned with the natures of their fellow human beings.

Capablanca's career has been a meteoric one. With the simplicity of greatness he is quite willing to admit that he is out of the ordinary, and I think that no reader will disagree with him. At the age of four he corrected his father for a wrong move when he stood watching a game between him and a friend, with the result that he was taken down a few days later to the Havana Chess Club; there the strongest local players found it impossible to give this infant the odds of a queen. Under doctor's orders he gave up chess until he was eight years old, and then again took to frequenting the local chess club. At the age of eleven he beat everybody in the club except the champion, Corzo. However, some of the admirers of this juvenile prodigy thought that in a regular match he would beat Corzo, so a match was arranged, in which he won the four games required to capture the match, after losing two and drawing six with his opponent.

From then on his career has been a long series of triumphs in the chess world, details of which are to be found in this refreshing little book, which probably contains more real information on the science of chess than a dozen of the more weighty tomes put together. Capablanca has taken part in the following Masters' Tournaments: New York, 1911; San Sebastian, 1911; New York, 1913; Havana, 1913; New York, 1913; St. Petersburg, 1914; New York, 1915; New York, 1916; New York, 1918; and the Hastings Victory Chess Congress in 1919. Out of the 139 games which he has played in these first-class tournaments, he has won 99, drawn 32, and lost 8, finishing first in seven of the tournaments, and second in the remaining three, this showing being made, it must be remembered, against men in most cases old enough to be his father (and if not, grandfather), who have spent their lives at the game and know by heart the moves of every important *partie* ever played.

It is not much good going into details of the various games given in his book, for that would appeal solely to the chess-player, but it may be said that Capablanca's comments on his own and his adversary's play throughout the book are of a most original and illuminating sort. He never hesitates to say, "This was wrong", "This was an error", "This ought to have been so-and-so", even when dealing with the most world-renowned of masters.

The conclusion one draws as to the reasons for Capablanca's success are, first, that he has an extraordinary congenital facility for intricate combination of the algebraic sort. This is what made him find his first triumphs in the end-game, which is a matter of almost pure mathematics. Second, that he seems to have an uncanny knowledge of what his opponent intends to do next, and also what his opponent expects him to do. The only person who seems to have really surprised him in the course of a game is Marshall. And this was only fair, since in 1909 Capablanca, a mere

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stripling of twenty, had profoundly surprised Marshall (talked of as a coming world's champion) by beating him in a match 8 to 1, with 14 draws.

Perhaps the finest game given in the book is a Ruy Lopez played against Marshall in the Manhattan Chess Club Masters' Tournament in 1918, in which one of the most superb exhibitions of brilliant attack on the one hand, and courageous acceptance of the attack and even more brilliant counter-attack on the other, resulted in a victory for Capablanca.

After closing the book one cannot help wondering with what sort of feelings Capablanca may be watching the career of Samuel Rzeschewski, aged eight, who is at present making things warm for the chess players of Europe.

My Chess Career. By J. R. Capablanca. The Macmillan Co.

MAETERLINCK'S DOGS AND ANOTHER

By Walter A. Dyer

ONE is naturally moved first to speak of Maurice Maeterlinck, though he is not the subject of these remarks. About his name is built up the publicity for a volume that might otherwise pass unnoticed. He has been much in the public eye over here, through his opera, "The Blue Bird", his not entirely successful lectures, his quoted views on the all-popular subject of spiritualism, and his recent volume of essays, "Mountain Paths". But to many of us his fame rests most securely on his classic essay, "Our Friend, the Dog". Through a dog we come closest to the human side of the poet. For Maeterlinck had a little French bulldog named Pelléas, and the death of that beloved animal was the inspiration of one of the loveliest bits of dog literature in any language.

Dogs have been the companions of man in all ages and all climes, but investigation and inquiry lead to the somewhat remarkable conclusion that the sentimental attachment of man to dog is almost exclusively an Anglo-Saxon trait. Tell a Russian or an Italian, or even most Frenchmen, about your dog with that pardonable enthusiasm of yours, and you will note a certain lack of comprehension. Search literature and you will find the dog sentiment expressed in its most idealistic form only in English. With us alone has the dog been accepted as a personality.

Maeterlinck, a Belgian, is the one noteworthy exception that comes to mind. And even Maeterlinck's sentiment is employed largely as the basis of a philosophy.

Madame Maeterlinck also philosophizes, but the soul of her book is not philosophy. It is sentiment, not overdrawn except in the eyes of those who cannot comprehend it, and, as true dog sentiment always is, lighted by the humorous smile and touched with pathos. Dogs' lives are so short!

Madame Maeterlinck tells of the various dogs that from time to time honored her household with their presence—Louis the Debonnaire; Raymond the Clown; Adhémar the Misunderstood; Achille the Impulsive; Gaston the Highwayman; Delphine the Maternal; Jules the Sponger (most delightful of all), and Golaud the Superdog, best loved by his mistress. It must be admitted that they appear to have been less the dogs of Maeterlinck than of Madame. The poet-philosopher figures somewhat re-

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motely in the book, hovering vaguely in the background, permeating the atmosphere somewhat dilutedly, and alighting adroitly on the title-page.

Let those who suppose that all dogs are more or less alike, that a formula can be devised to fit all dog natures, read Madame Maeterlinck's sketches of these various canine individuals. Let them read also of Sigurd, the golden collie of Professor Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College. Here, forsooth, is no gushing account of the charms of a beloved pet, but a genuine character study. It is a study sympathetic to the point of favorable prejudice, to be sure. But Sigurd's failings are not hidden; it is an honest delineation.

Sigurd was a beautiful dog whose presence long added life and color to the Wellesley campus and companionship and joy to the pedagogic home of the author and her friends. It is the biography of a dog, filled with amusing and pathetic incidents. But it is so much more than that. Professor Bates wields no amateur pen; she writes with no unscientific half-knowledge. She has, in short, made literature out of a dog and enshrined one lovable member of that remarkable race in a work as thoughtful as it is delightful. Sigurd, I believe, will take his place among the canine immortals, along with Greyfriars Bobby, John Muir's Stikeen, and the great dogs of fiction. It is not a book for those whose interest in dog literature is derived from Jack London, but one is conscious of an overwhelming temptation to send copies of it to those elect among his friends whose appreciation of graceful writing is second only to their sympathetic understanding of dogs.

Professor Bates rounds out her volume with accounts of some of her other bird and animal acquaintances that are scarcely less entertaining. And the whole book is lightened by that quality without which all such writings are in danger of descending to the merely sentimental—humor. Witness the moment when the dignified members of the Wellesley faculty were confronted with the problem of feeding a fastidious baby vireo, gravely consulted the authorities, and learned that the case called definitely for "masticated insects"!

Maeterlinck's Dogs. By Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated with drawings by the author. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Sigurd, Our Golden Collie, and Other Comrades of the Road. By Katharine Lee Bates. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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MR. PROSSER UPON ARISTOTLE

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

I WAS sitting at my desk yesterday when Prosser breezed in. Prosser is a Successful Author. He makes a mint of money writing scenarios for the movies. He sat down and answered my first remarks without listening to them. He had something on his mind. I waited for him to unload. Prosser believes in direct methods. His training has taught him to go straight to the point. Presently he burst out:

"I know where O. Henry got his plots."

I was interested. "No! Where? Are there any more of them? Is it a mine?"

"Sure!" he grinned. "A gold mine. Anybody can get them."

"Tell me," I pleaded.

When Prosser talks, he always walks. My apartment is not large. The living-room is the biggest room in it, but even so, when Prosser plunged six paces one way, hands under coat-tails, eyeglass string a-flutter, he had to turn and plunge back. I moved two chairs and a table and let him oscillate.

"You've heard of Aristotle?" he demanded.

I admitted that I had.

"He was a dramatic critic," volunteered Prosser. "I picked up his book at the library. It's great stuff. That's where O. Henry got them. His plots I mean. He must have read that book."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I exclaimed, bewildered.

"I'm telling you, ain't I? It's all in the book. He's doped it all out. He gives the whole thing away. Aristotle I mean. Anybody can do it."

I began to see daylight. "You mean the method? What Henry James calls 'The Pattern in the Carpet'?"

"Henry James nothing!" roared Prosser. "You're barking up the wrong tree. No wonder your stuff—Well, we'll leave that. I'm talking about action. Action, my good woman, is what the public wants."

Prosser provoked me. I *am* a good woman, but I don't like to be called one. I said stiffly that I failed to see any connection between O. Henry and Aristotle.

"Then you haven't read him," said Prosser promptly. "I mean Aristotle. Look here." He tugged a sheaf of papers out of his coat-tails. "I copied down a lot of it. Listen to this: 'Tragedy then is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude.' Do you get that? He says 'Tragedy', but he means a play or a story. It's the same thing. He says that a play consists of a plot, and the manners or characters of the persons, and the sentiments, which is what they say. 'But

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of all these parts the most important is the plot. Because Tragedy is an imitation not of men but of actions'—(do you get that?)—'of life, of happiness and unhappiness, for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself, the very end of life is action of a certain kind—not quality.' *Do you get that?* 'It is by their actions that men are happy or the contrary. So that the action and the plot are the end of Tragedy, and in everything the end is of principal importance.' He goes right to the heart of the matter. He was some writer, that old bird!" exulted Prosser. "And listen to this: 'Further—suppose anyone to string together a number of speeches in which the manners are strongly marked, the language and the sentiments well turned, this will not be sufficient to produce a play; that end will much rather be answered by a piece, defective in each of these particulars, but furnished with a proper table and contexture of incidents.' What's that but the movies?"

"But where is your O. Henry?" said I.

"I'm coming to that. He says then that the plot is the soul of a play, and that poor writers fall down in the construction of one, and that the parts of the plot which are most interesting are *revolutions* and *discoveries*. There's my O. Henry!"

"But I don't see—" I objected.

"O you don't, you won't," retorted Prosser. "You see well enough. *Revolutions. Discoveries.* The unexpected. The reversal of all that you thought was coming. Charlie Chaplin! O. Henry! The climax. The punch. The real thing."

"Perhaps I see," I said meekly.

"I looked up one or two of the plays he tells about," Prosser went on. "There was one, 'Œdipus Tyrannus'. Did you ever read that? 'Œdipus the King', it means. That's a darn good title. You see him first, prosperous and powerful, and yet in the end he goes smash,—smasher than the Kaiser. And it all unrolls backward. You'd think the fellow that wrote it had seen 'On Trial'. Same scheme exactly. And there was another I liked. The villain at the end is exulting over the corpse of his enemy, and when he draws down the shroud it's the body of his own wife. *Revolutions. Discoveries.* That's what."

"You seem pleased with *your* discovery," I said.

"I am," said Prosser. He paused by my desk and punctuated earnestly with a bediamonded finger. "We fellows always knew that the highbrows were dead wrong; that they were letting buckets into empty wells; we just felt it without a college education, but we couldn't prove it to them. And now here's one of the highest of them, telling them that they are a pack of fools. And I'm glad to know that I've been on the right track. I've been doing a little of Aristotle's kind of thing, myself, ain't I? But now, watch me!"

"But suppose somebody else uses the idea?" said I. "Suppose I use it, now you've told me?"

"O *you never* would!" said Prosser, not unkindly. "Besides, I don't care who uses it. Let the best man win! So long!"

A little of his dynamic atmosphere remained behind. What if Prosser had really stumbled upon it, the essential thing, the ultimate result, brass tacks? And if so, why shouldn't I use it? Why shouldn't I go ahead and beat him to it? But the impulse died. Prosser was right. I never would. I am passing the idea along to the rest of you,—and may the best man win!

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HOW OLD IS SHERLOCK HOLMES?

BY BEVERLY STARK

IT was many years ago that Conan Doyle, for the moment grown weary of his most widely known creation, sent Sherlock Holmes to apparent death in an Alpine pass, only to bring him back for a series of new adventures. In many cases the exact period of these adventures was indefinite, but "His Last Bow" established the fact that Holmes was alive and in the full vigor of his powers as late as August, 1914. It is to be assumed that he is still of the earth today, and that, as the brains and energy of the British secret service, he was a conspicuous factor in bringing the Great War to a victorious conclusion. It is to be hoped that eventually the story of these exploits will be told. In the meantime an obvious question is: "How old is Sherlock Holmes?"

Here and there in the course of the forty-odd tales involving the eminent practitioner of the science of deduction there is a vast amount of personal information, but on the point of his exact age there is a certain latitude for conjecture. The first story written introducing him was "A Study in Scarlet". 1880 was the approximate date of the adventures of that tale, for Dr. Watson, falling in with Holmes and sharing the apartment with him in upper Baker Street, was recovering from the wound received in the Abyssinian campaign of 1878-79. But in the course of confidences when the association became more intimate, Holmes told the story of several achievements that had antedated by some years "A Study in Scarlet": for example, the "Musgrave Ritual" affair, and "The Adventure of the Gloria Scott", the latter the first case in which Holmes exercised professionally his unusual powers. Assuming, as it is reasonable to assume, that the year of the "Gloria Scott" episode was 1875, and that Holmes, then completing his course in the university, was in his twenty-first year, the date of his birth may be placed as about 1855—making him four years older than his creator (who was himself still in his twenties when he invented the vehicle by which he was to express his entertaining theories)—and his present age as five and sixty. No longer in the flush of youth, but still in prime vigor, provided he has shaken off the deplorable habits that in the early days so irritated the obtuse but conscientious Watson.

Whether or not Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sees fit to chronicle the activities of Sherlock Holmes during the Great War is a matter for him to decide. But his is a definite responsibility in the matter of certain tales to which he made tantalizing allusion in former stories. Of one of the titles mentioned he made subsequent use,

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telling the story of "The Adventure of the Second Stain", though not living quite up to the promise at which he hinted. But readers have almost the right to insist that some day he clear away the mystery obscuring the alluring suggestion of "The Affair of the Netherland Sumatra Company", "The Loss of the Sophy Anderson", "The Arnsworth Castle Affair", "The Darlington Substitution Scandal", "The Case of Vamberry, the Wine Merchant", "The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber", "Ricoletti of the Club Foot and his Abominable Wife", "The Tankerville Club Scandal", "The Affair of the Amateur Mendicant Society", "The Adventure of the Grice Patersons in Uffa", "The Camberwell Poisoning Case", "The Dundas Separation Case", "The Affair of the King of Scandinavia", "The Trepoff Murder", "The Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland", "The Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee", "The Manor House Case", "The Adventure of the Old Russian Woman", "The Tarleton Murder", "The Case of Mrs. Etheredge", "The Affair of the Aluminium Crutch", and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain". Probably it was in a spirit of lightness that Conan Doyle flung out these titles. But in thus whetting expectation he assumed an obligation that he can no more dismiss than Frankenstein could rid himself of the monster that he created.

Upon one occasion Sherlock Holmes alluded to a strain of French ancestry, which may account for a popularity in France as great as his popularity in England and the United States. But for a full realization of the hold which the name has taken upon the imagination of the world, to understand that never since the beginning of time has a character of fiction had such instant significance to millions of people, it is necessary to turn to Spain and the Spanish-American countries. Barcelona is the birthplace of an Iberian Sherlock Holmes, the surname being pronounced in two syllables. The fabrication of his adventures is an industry of the city, employing the imaginations of a score of hack writers. The paper books, with gaudily colored covers, are printed by the millions, distributed to news-stands throughout the peninsula, and sent overseas to Cuba, and Central and South America. In the crude portraits of Holmes that appear at the top of the cover-pages there are the features familiar to English readers, but somehow the artists have twisted them, subconsciously probably, until the face is the face of a Spaniard. The nature of these lurid tales of Spanish fabrication may be indicated by a translation of some of the titles: for example, "Blackwell, the Pirate of the Thames", "The Seller of Corpses", "Jack the Ripper", "The Bloody Hammer", "The Red Widow of Paris", "In the Pittsburgh School of Crime", and "Sherlock Holmes and the Opium Smugglers".

Russia, as well as Spain and the lands of Spanish influence and tradition, has had its transplanted, adopted, and adapted Sherlock Holmes. One year before the war the empire of the Czar saw the publication of more than a thousand sensational novels, classed as "Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes Literature". Among the titles of the tales of the Doyle hero told with a Slavonic twist were "The Stranglers", "The Hanged", "The Expropriators", and "The Disinterred Corpse". A Russian critic at the time found in this taste the expression of a national sentiment. Sub-

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sequent events have invested his words with all the dignity of a prophecy. The taste, he held, was sigificant of a revolt against three great ideas that had at different times dominated Russian literature: the quiet pessimism of Turgenev, the Christian non-resistance religion of Tolstoi, and the familiar Russian type of will-less philosophy. The then new craze for Sherlock Holmes stories, the critic thought, foreshadowed a complete change in the Russian reader, the decay of the literature of passivity, and the rise of a new literature of action and revolt. It was thirty-odd years ago that Conan Doyle, a medical practitioner without any practice to speak of, and a struggling author without an audience or a market, succeeded, after much peddling, in disposing of the manuscript of "A Study in Scarlet" for the sum of twenty-five pounds. How little did he dream that he was building for the downfall of an empire!

THE WONDERFUL AGAIN

BY H. W. BOYNTON

AFTER all, a good yarn is as far as ever from being disqualified by allusions to the tired business man or the silly season. Unmeaning "realism" is, we know quite well, much sillier than well-reasoned romance. Fact may be stranger than fiction; but it is also, left to itself, infinitely duller. The big realism which arranges and interprets fact thereby embodies a deeper and richer kind of truth (perhaps) than the best of romantic inventions. But that doesn't stultify our delight in the kind of truth we find (like a quarter on the doorstep) in the "Monte Cristos" and the "Treasure Islands" of all ages. It is one thing to chaffer for our money's worth at the counter where the staples are dispensed, and another to step gaily up to the booth where we are promised a prize in every package.

That is a lively spot just now, with some very good people taking in the money. Mr. Henry Milner Rideout was once a Harvard instructor, but when he gave up daily-theming for story-telling and even when, a little later, he signed up on the bark Romance, it does not seem to have occurred to him to throw all his literary breeding overboard. The ditty of Autolycus beckons us to our present journey along the "foot-path way" of adventure:

> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a.

However, literary allusion is far more rare with him than with the star Saturday Evening Posters, whose quaint usage it is to lug in bookish locutions and recondite names, especially names from classical mythology, to flatter if not enlighten the million. Mr. Rideout's merit is elusive. I lay down "Tin Cowrie Dass" or "The Foot-Path Way",—not so different in matter from the usual modern kind of thing:

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foreign setting, native princes, secret service agents, lovely maidens and the rest,—I turn the last page and lay down the book with the sense of having enjoyed a modest work of art instead of having been merely diverted by a pretentious bag of tricks. I like his story, but I like still more his way of telling it, his freedom from the slipshod smartness now fairly encouraged as normal by editors still getting payore from the vein (or the tailings) of the Kipling-O. Henry tradition.

Talbot Mundy is, to speak rudely, a from-Kipling of exceptional quality. "The Eye of Zeitoon" has most of the Kipling tricks and some of the Kipling virtues. The writer has a gift of his own, a gift of sententious verse which is often more than verse. One of the intercalary bits (mere verse this) expresses, I suppose, his sense of the world's present need of the spirit of healthy romance. It begins:

> Oh, all the world is sick with hate,
> And who shall heal it, friend o' mine?

And ends:

> Oh, for the wonderful again—the greatly daring, friend o' mine!
> The simply gallant blade unbought,
> The soul compassionate, unsought,
> With no price but the priceless thought
> Nor purpose than the brave design
> Of giving that the world may gain!

A tale of four young men, English and American, whose joint adventures begin in a khan outside of Tarsus, and take them within the mountain fastness of an Armenian hill-people at the moment of a Turkish outbreak against the ill-fated race. The story has a timeliness from its championship of the Armenian character and potentialities. As a yarn, it drags at times, its briskness of style being in odd contrast with the sluggish action.

The heathen Chinee seems to have been the favorite figure of mystery in recent adventure stories. The idea seems to be that East is East and West is West; and that what is more, China is China. Be careful how you ramble at large in the interior of the celestial republic; and look out for your laundryman,—he may be the head of a Tong, or a sorcerer or something. "The Chinese Label" and "The Golden Scorpion" are more or less hair-raising tales of the yellow man in, as the phrase goes, our midst. San Antonio is the convenient scene of the international action of "The Chinese Label", with its Turko-Chino-Mexican villainy, the Italo-Armenian adventuress (quite a nice one), the smuggled diamonds, and the masterful American secret agent. There is also a charming girl provided for the hero. The whole affair is treated lightly, without pretense that it is anything more than an amusing yarn; and this is refreshing. In like comfortable key also is set the narrative of "Sailor Girl", which is a tale of white rascality and heroism in the China Seas. Still there are plenty of Chinks in it, one in particular who is not to be sneezed at. A satisfactory adventure - comedy - romance, stirring enough but never distressing. There are perilous moments, but the reader feels himself in capable hands, and "should worry". A jolly and virtuous gambler is the original figure of the piece.

"The Golden Scorpion" and "Hills of Han" are more heavy-handed romances of the yellow man and the white. The former is a frank melodrama of intrigue. The Yellow Scorpion is a Master Mind who plots satanically for world-domination and comes mighty near pulling it off. He is a picturesque Johnny Chinaman in a green veil. As for his methods, let no reviewer profane them by summary. We may hint that they are super-modern and scientific—very hor-

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rible indeed, though duly frustrated by Scotland Yard and M. Gaston Max of Paris *(mon Dieu!)*. There is also the adventuress-heroine Miska (more sinned against than sinning) and a genuine thug from the place where they make them *(Jey Bhowani! Yah Allah!)* Also Le Balafré, a thoroughly reprehensible character who only gets what is coming to him, in the cheerful end. "Hills of Han" is modestly entitled "a romantic incident", which is a good enough name for the contraption.

My reaction against Mr. Merwin and his kind of work is that it pretends to be going deeply into the springs of human character and action while its real basis is the same as that of Sister Scheherezade and Brother Dumas, who needed no springs. Mr. Merwin's specialty is the humorless hero of the single-track mind, with or without genius. In the present tale there are a pair of him, like the two little Evas who used to draw us to the village Opera House when Uncle Tom came round again. There is a strong, silent missionary, six foot five, and there is a strong, silent, and systematically unpleasant grass-widower journalist who makes and unmakes love to the missionary's daughter according to the dictates of his gloomy egotism. Neither has the slightest sense of humor or, to tell the truth, much real stability of character. Both are fond of saying (to poor Betty) that they don't care what happens to them. And it is hard to forgive the story-teller for expecting us to care what happens to the Doane of Chapter VII and thereafter. "Real life", perhaps, that chapter; but at least utterly out of place in "a romantic incident". For in a romance you have to believe in human dignity and decency or there is "nothing in it". As for the Chinese atmosphere and personnel of the story, one may accept them as sound—if that matters in a story of this kind, and if atmosphere and personnel can be sound when the action is unsound or patently artificial. All this, you may say, is the breaking of a butterfly on the clumsy wheel of criticism. Mr. Merwin has hatched some delightful butterflies; but "Hills of Han" is not a butterfly; it is a sort of gilded bat with the butterfly label.

Egypt is the scene of "The Fortieth Door"; and here is a "romantic incident" carried through from start to finish without a false note, though some of the harmony toward the end is, as it were, a trifle close. The final rescue of the heroine comes perilously near farce. The young American would seem to have had his business well enough in hand by that time to conclude it in some less sensational and doubt-provoking way. Still, it wouldn't do for him, in the interests of romantic precedent, to steal a bride from the harem *(Abdollillah!)* with too great ease and simplicity. Mrs. Bradley, like Mr. Rideout and Mr. Merwin, has done more serious work than this; and perhaps the trouble with this story is that we have a sense of Mrs. Bradley the interpreter more or less contesting Mrs. Bradley in her present rôle of entertainer. She means to spin a yarn, but she can't help making her people more than half real,—which is rather a nuisance than otherwise in romance. Perhaps it is her consciousness of this that in the end brings her to overdo the business of the escape—to balance matters for the reader who may have thought there was not enough doing. A rattling good story ought to rattle all the time, I suppose.

The rest of our yarns depend less on outlandish setting and atmosphere.

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Most of them, however, contrive to get the effect of remoteness. The semi-tropical Florida in which the action of "The Plunderer" goes on is as strange to us as if it were not technically under our flag. That action concerns the fortunes of a pair of honest (and husky) young Northerners who venture to buck a bogus land company which is profitably disposing of Florida swamp to small customers who are never permitted to see what they have bought. At the head of this unseemliness are a United States senator with a beautiful and virtuous daughter, and one Garman, a blond beast of a man who virtually rules that neck of the Florida woods. Young Payne, romantic hero, and Higgins, his pal and comic relief, have their hands full, satisfactorily, for a proper length of time; whereupon the hero does up the villain (lumberjack style) and the kiss curtain comfortably falls. The tale opens with a frank "come-hither" gesture, we step gaily with our guide over the border of humdrum and reality, and there we are.

"The La Chance Mine Mystery" invites us to the other extreme of the great American outdoors, the land of frozen lakes and trading posts, and of the starving wolf-packs which play no small part in this story. A lot of rough weather and beasts and men, of violence and chicanery, with the one girl, again the heroine under suspicion of being the adventuress, and the one noble youth who thinks he must not love her because she is (maybe) pledged to another. Oh, yes, and a villain who handily passes away of heart-failure when his dirty work has gone far enough: nothing here for the lovers of lumberjack combat. However, a fight with wolves and quite a bit of gun-play provide as many thrills as most readers will require. The tale is well told, skilfully setting forth a highly improbable action without letting us acknowledge to ourselves, while it is going on, that it is absurd.

"I'm glad to be able to tell you", says the hero of "The Vanishing Men" when he sets out to solve the mystery upon which happiness for him and the ravishing Brena dutifully hangs, "that I am not a Master Mind, or a great Analyst or any other kind of a red or yellow bound sleuth. I didn't even look for wireless apparatus in Central Park before I joined the army. Spies and mysteries bore me to death." He is only a millionaire who can ride, shoot, play tennis and the cello, and is a very fair poet at odd moments. His creed is to "live for the sake of living", and in a general way he is looking out for the right girl to help along the process, without very much hope of finding her. Enter Brena, surrounded by mystery. A beautiful creature, half-Greek, half-Irish, and somehow reminding some people of an Inca princess. The millionaire and she promptly love each other, but Brena doesn't mean to let matters go beyond that first long kiss. There is something wrong about her, she doesn't know what. Two men who have come into her life, one of them a husband, have suddenly vanished, been wiped out. Whether she is, citizenly speaking, a jinx or a vamp—that is the question that worries her, us, and the millionaire. The whole problem is put and solved in an original way, and some readers will be grateful for a mystery story without the old properties and machinery. "The Vanishing Men" is a yarn without a detective or a secret service agent or a murder or a robbery or a hidden treasure or an act of violence.

Many of the familiar materials are present in "The Secret of Sarek", in-

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cluding the Master Criminal and the Master Sleuth. We who recall the earlier exploits of M. Arsène Lupin realize comfortably from the outset that the Master Criminal, whoever he is, hasn't more than the ghost of a show. Still, we are sure that we and M. Arsène are going to have a fair run for our money. At the centre of the problem is the usual beautiful female with a shadow upon her past. The principal scene is an island under a curse, seat of an ancient cult of which, but for a few persons, only a vague legend remains. But there is a tradition of hidden treasure, and in particular of a mysterious talisman, a "God-Stone which gives life and death". And there is a prophecy connecting the recovery of the treasure and the God-Stone with various portents including "thirty victims for thirty coffins" and "four women crucified on tree". Clearly an unhealthy place, Sarek. How everybody gets together there, and how and why the prophecy is fulfilled without too great discomfort for the people we care about and to the proper confusion of the villain and his minions, is the substance of an amusing tale. Utterly preposterous, thank heaven!...

"The White Moll" presents a female counterpart or version of Jimmy Dale, by the author of that popular hero of underworld adventure. The setting is the metropolitan jungle which serves as well for romantic adventure, under the hands of a deft story-teller, as any far-fetched wilderness. The gunmen and gunwomen who may at any moment be passing us on our daily walk have, as it were, a more intimate charm than the desperadoes of foreign parts or of our own more or less fabulous plains life. The White Moll and her Adventurer possess, as we are to discover in due course, their own reasons for implication in this melodrama of the underworld, which leads us through strange byways to the appointed end. If a thrill on every page is any consideration, here you have it.

In "The Doctor of Pimlico" we seem to take a step backward into the near past, when a detective story was measured frankly by the intricate construction of its plot, and the style might be as crude as you please. Once more, in this fabrication, the ancient ingredients are trotted out and remixed to taste— to somebody's taste, I suppose. Ho! for the Master Criminal posing as an honest citizen, with a gang of international outlaws as his tools: and ho! for the Maltwood-Fetherston sleuth who is also a person of double life. Why shouldn't a professional writer of mystery stories be able on occasion to make life miserable for a real criminal against whom the Pinkertons or Scotland Yard have pitted themselves in vain?

"Taxi", "Wanted: A Husband", and "The Gate of Fulfillment" belong rather to the order of romantic comedy than to the order of mystery-adventure. But mystification, at least, plays a considerable part in their action. Viewed seriously, "Taxi" is a piece of sheer absurdity; but it is not written for the serious view. Still, merely as a piece of deliberate nonsense, I don't find it remarkably successful. Its gaiety is not quite spontaneous; and if we are once more to be amused by the urban gambols of a young aristocrat in disguise, the trick must be skilfully done. We imagine this author saying, "Come, I'll have a try at that kind of thing"; and that kind of thing is all he has succeeded in producing. "Wanted: A Husband" is a comedy built frankly on a novel situation. The nature of it is suggested in the "want-ad" printed on the book-

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jacket: "Unmarried lady on honeymoon desires temporary husband. Must have tact, amiability, capacity for self-effacement, and British accent. Apply Parlor Car 13, G. C. Station." Thenceforth the questions for the curious reader are, What led up to the printing of such an advertisement, and, What came of it? And these questions Mr. Adams proceeds to answer with, as it seems to me, somewhat laborious sprightliness. But it may be my mood or capacity that is lacking, and not Mr. Adams's pen. The situation in "The Gate of Fulfillment" is also precipitated by an advertisement, too long to quote, in which an invalid gentleman of Boston or vicinity calls for a lady of transcendent virtues and accomplishments to act as his secretary-companion. A certain lonely and cultivated widow in the Middle West answers it, not to the invalid-gentleman's satisfaction. But her acid retort to his snub rouses his interest, and a correspondence begins which presently grows warmer and yet warmer, till it has become more than friendly on both sides. Meanwhile the widow has slicked back her hair and taken the actual job in the character of a prim spinster. She plays her part so well, on the surface, that the invalid-gentleman doesn't realize that he is presently half in love with the person she really is: he depends for more than his bodily comfort on "Miss Pratt", while making ardent epistolary love to the Margaret Bevington who signs the letters. It is a great relief to him in the end when he finds that he loves one woman instead of two, which has been inconvenient and more or less disturbing. The story is told through letters: a method theoretically discredited, I believe, but always effective when it is well done. The style is pretty flowery in spots, less acceptable than Mr. Adams's; but the "idea" is quite as good as his.

The Footh-Path Way. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield and Co.

The Eye of Zeitoon. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Chinese Label. By J. Frank Davis. Little, Brown and Co.

The Golden Scorpion. By Sax Rohmer. Robert M. McBride and Co.

Sailor Girl. By Frederick F. Moore. D. Appleton and Co.

Hills of Han. By Samuel C. Merwin. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Fortieth Door. By Mary Hastings Bradley. D. Appleton and Co.

The Plunderer. By Henry Oyen. George H. Doran Company.

The La Chance Mine Mystery. By S. Carleton. Little, Brown and Co.

The Vanishing Men. By Richard Washburn Child. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Secret of Sarek. By Maurice Le Blanc. The Macaulay Co.

The White Moll. By Frank L. Packard. George H. Doran Company.

The Doctor of Pimlico. By William Le-Queux. The Macaulay Co.

Taxi. By George Agnew Chamberlain. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Wanted: A Husband. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Gate of Fulfillment. By Knowles Ridsdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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DIETARY LAWS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

HAVE you ever seen a child with book indigestion, with a mental rash due to the reading of oversaccharine stories, with a coated tongue caused by a degradation of taste? Such ailments are found every day among boys and girls. Yet we are blind to these insidious diseases. There is no reason why laws should protect the food one eats, and fail to protect the books one reads. The chemical action on the brain of a bad book is just as harmful as the disintegrating force of an ill-smelling cut of beef in the stomach. The only difference is that in the latter case we are quick to note the danger; while in the former case we are not clever enough to measure the harm. Nature, strange to say, has not protected the brain with any apparent guardian at its portals; whereas, there are an infinite number of fortresses at the entrance of the stomach. There is no mental nose to cry "Halt".

Here, then, is a new subject for the immediate consideration of quantitative and qualitative chemists. Did they ever consider that a book was possessed of calories and proteins to as pronounced a degree as food products; that there are bacteria multiplying as rapidly in innocuous or insurgent literature as in a stagnant swamp; that, in many stories for the young, the waste material predominates so enormously as to enervate the nervous system? The brain gets worn out by such dead weight. What a parent reads naturally affects the first literary reaching-out of a very young child, just as much as what a mother eats affects the mother's milk. More and more, there is a crying need for an Institute of Bookteriology, where a parent may go and see the test-tubes of literature, find a record of the temperatures of adventure stories, and other important things pertaining to reading of children.

I can imagine no better opportunity than to be able to say to a Book Chemist: "Let me see tube 10,578, containing the essence of 'Percy's Reliques'. My boy's imagination is not gaining strength; his blood is not warmed to the pitch which makes his courage equal to the emergencies of life. The doctor has prescribed an undiluted dose of 'Chevy Chase', of 'The Jew's Daughter', of 'Robin Hood'. Please tell me what are the ingredients of this ballad dose?" Then you would be handed a card on which would be tabulated the percentages of solid matter, of spiritual reactions. In this way you could see for yourself the kind of books which are energy producers, muscle formers, and you would then go to a bookstore with more confidence, with an assured feeling that the Pure Book Law was on the road to being an established fact.

What a hub-bub there is in a family

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when the Grade A milk, or the whole-wheat bread, or the dressed beef is not up to standard. The papers hear about it, and there is a congressional investigation! But how about the bichloride of mercury stories swallowed by the child without causing any consternation; how about the adulterated sweet romances the girl gorges herself with! You really don't care about these! But, let me assure you, the proper blend of a juvenile story is of as vital importance as the proper blend of adult tea. The science of Bookteriology is an urgent necessity.

Let us forestall a systematic dietary study of books by a few notes made in the vital realm of the nursery. It is just as well to follow closely the tried science of food analysis. There is very little difference in philosophy between the two. What the child eats affects his physical development; what the child reads either enlarges or stunts his mental development. So there you are.

It is essential that parents familiarize themselves with a knowledge of what is the proper brain nutrition for children of different ages. They must understand the fuel values of books, their building-up power, and the amount of energy they infuse in character. Note, therefore, the following:

The fuel value of a book depends upon the amount of actual nutrients in the stories. Without too much experiment, but a great deal of observation, it is possible to see: a. That the warmth of the Bible unadulterated, is greater than any of its retold forms. b. That Shakespeare himself is more easily understood than the over-detailed prosing of Shakespeare, unless it be Charles Lamb, whose love for the plays made him desire to inculcate the same love in children. c. That the ballads, with their spirited swing, are more energizing than their bare story robbed of their rhyme, rhythm, and reason.

If you wish to test this out yourself, you only have to place a good copy of collected Ballads, one or two of Shakespeare's chronicle plays (not school editions), and some of the militant books of the Bible in a room with a boy or girl, and, granting a healthy atmosphere, interest will incubate quickly. People often say that "Pilgrim's Progress" is food caviare to the young. This is merely because the appetite has been sated and the imagination dulled by more filling but less efficacious food. Which brings us to an important fact:

It must be thoroughly understood that appetite satisfied by quantity is not the same as appetite appeased by quality. The latter is the healthy condition. Seven of Altsheler's books, read in succession—"The Young Trailers", "The Texan Scouts", "The Riflemen of the Ohio", "The Free Rangers", and so on, are surpassed by feasting on *one* book like Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" or "The Boy Settlers". Have any set of "Desert Isle" stories ever surpassed the red vitality of "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Swiss Family Robinson"? Has the raciness of Fenimore Cooper been overshadowed by any of the Indian tales of Kirk Munroe or of W. O. Stoddard? We know that there are different degrees of excellence in the cuts of meat, the older slices, like "The Last of the Mohicans" or "The Deerslayer", being not quite as succulent to modern taste as Stoddard's "The Red Mustang", "The Talking Leaves", "Two Arrows"; but in the long run Cooper "keeps" better (to use a refrigerating term).

This matter of energy in books is a most important consideration. The children's classics persist from generation to generation because of their *carrying* power. But the average modern book for boys and girls moves only when it is commercially pushed. It is worth while observing that:

The energy given off by the Puritan mind, after training in the "New England Primer", could be counted upon in the formation of action for good; but the lukewarm morality of the present juvenile book does not create sufficient friction in the mind to give young readers any comprehensive understanding of conduct as good or bad. The end justifies the means more often than is healthy.

In the young, the delicate tissues of imagination should not be allowed to become threadbare in spots, for fear of their being moth-worn through life.

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They should be strengthened and made humanly pliable by the calories and proteins of real book foodstuffs. Which brings us to this almost self-evident principle:

The waste of juvenile mind materials can be prevented by determining the proportions of calories and proteins in such stories as "Rob Roy" and "Redgauntlet", for instance, by Walter Scott, as compared with the same ingredients in any one of Henty's historical stories. In the bookstores the latter is offered as "just as good", but don't you believe it!

The question of digesting a book is one that has not received sufficient consideration in the nursery. If a story is appetizing and wholesome, well-flavored with a style which is a part of its vigor, then there is a rapid flow of interest which will be the mental saliva for its immediate consumption. Such literary food is easily chewed, and is preferable to the emasculated editions put forth in packages of "just as easy". Malnutrition is caused by the latter. Stories that are boiled down are often boiled away; stories that are steeped in sensation, should be roasted by the critics before they get near the nursery. There are, therefore, different ways of preparing book food for girls and boys, according to their ages. It is apparent to any discriminating person that:

A baby does not need as many calories as a boy of twelve, either in food or in books. Hence, library lists for different ages. But even infants may suffer from malnutrition of the mind, eye, and ear. The old time mother's lullaby is better than the ragtime cradle song by Irving Berlin; "Mother Goose" better than "Foxy Grandpa" and "The Katzenjammer Kids"; the reticent coloring of Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Boutet de Monvel better than the colored supplement of the newspaper. An infant read to, shown pictures, sung to, is storing up experience. We ask, Is syncopation psychologically as comforting as the old folk songs? And reading through books of jingles, we wonder what has become of the recipes for the verses our great-great-great-grandauthors use to write. For bottle literature commend me "Mother Goose"!

While we are on the subject of babies, it is just as well to remark that habits of literary diet are early formed and easily formed. Hence, it is important that book feeding be early determined. Not many meals a day in the first stages, for throughout the infant years we believe it as necessary to get away from books as to get to them. We therefore recommend the reestablishment of the Children's Hour. This has been wrongly interpreted by the influx of Bed Time Stories. One might just as well have Ulysses and Armada Stories for the bath. Or perhaps the "Water Babies"! To put a child to sleep by reading to him means that you are feeding him when his literary digestive organs are at their lowest ebb. Grownup selfishness invented such sedatives for the mind. But the boy to whom Uncle Remus recounted the adventures of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox was alert and on the lookout for adventure—he didn't wish to be soothed to rest; neither was Charles Perrault's son anxious to fall asleep just at the exciting point in the story of "Sleeping Beauty" or "Cinderella", when first told to him in the days of Louis XIV. It is a common dietary law that one should not be too stimulated before sleeping. But it is a pernicious literary custom to dilute stories for bedtime—the "pap" literature which our kindergartens heretofore encouraged, and which our mothers are now buying as so much literary "dope" for the young. Brain energy should be conserved. Which suggests the following:

To oxidize a book in the mind, there is required the full development and flow of appreciation. Otherwise, if a child feels forced to read a book, mental energy is wasted. It takes just as much physical exertion to read a poor book as to read a good one, without the stretching process which the best invites. Any test will show that the eye strain, attention and time given to the reading of the average college story by Pier or Barbour or Heyliger are equal to the energy used up in the reading of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford".

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But there is no question as to which is the superior article. This same conservation is imminent in the classics. The taste for Plutarch has been dulled by the boneless retelling; the liquid fire of Homer has evaporated, and there are the dregs of an occasionally simplified "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; the green freshness of the Greek god legends has become the dried sereness of the school leaflet.

While it is true that fever heat in the brain has landed many a boy in the Children's Court, and while educational methods have advocated literary leeches to suck the savage blood from our racial legends and legendary history, still the cause for abnormal juvenile temperature must be laid at the right door; for the literary inheritance of the race must be protected. King Arthur has never yet made a thief; but, as told in versions "just as good" as the "Morte D'Arthur", he has never inspired the boy with chivalry. It takes the Boy Scout doctrine to make the modern knight. The unnatural caloric heat of the dime novel, of the kinetic moving-picture, has produced an unnatural tension on juvenile nerves. King Arthur in search of the Grail must compete with desperadoes robbing a stage coach. In other words, to the modern child, the force of action, of external suggestion, exceeds the force of character in his literature. What are all the winged beings of the air, Queen Mab threading her way with gossamer lightness, Lucifer in his Miltonic descent from heaven, beside the modern adventure of the aeroplane? In other words, our literature, as it is taught in the schools, creates the idea that there is no "pep" in ancient literature. The question is, therefore, how can we peptonize good books so they will be in favor again, and win out in this competition with the yearly democratic mass of juvenile stories? The safe road to follow is to delete from our schools the deadened study of the big books of the ages, and substitute instead appreciation, as a fine, a necessary art. "Hamlet" or "Julius Cæsar", with notes, means the notes with "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" left out; required class reading produces an unhealthy mental sweat from which the child will have dire after-effects.

A continued diet of one type of book is likely permanently to injure the taste. Too many weepy stories depletes the tear duct, and blinds the young reader to the real tragedies of life, such as one finds in "King Lear", and other essential book stuffs for a later culture. It is imperative to vary the appetite, to offset any special tendencies in juvenile readers by other healthy books. The boy who would build flying machines all day, must be made to fly an hour or two in imaginative literature; a girl who would learn how to sweep a room in a manual school of training must be also taught to sweep her brain of cobwebs. He who dwells too much in the realm of make-believe is likely to have an inflamed imagination. Anyone can tell without asking to see his tongue what was the matter with the boy who contemplated a primrose by the river's brim: he was suffering from imaginative adenoids—a growth which is liable to take root when the child is given his first picture-books, especially the kindergarten species of picture-book.

How often have you met with the statement, "The writer knows a boy who is made seriously ill by eating eggs"? Why, I know many boys whose digestions are irretrievably impaired by the mere shell of a story, without any food stuff in it: causing a literary flatulency which is liable to run its course through old age. Such books are themselves diseased and should be guarded against.

The bacteriology of children's books

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is another branch of the subject demanding the utmost consideration. The "success" germ stimulates a false flow of youthful enthusiasm and emulation; the "snob" virus circulates freely through the plot of many school stories; the "social bee" stings the mind of many a girl reader, resulting in an exaggerated point of view. These germs are due to errors in writing; such book errors may produce mental gastric trouble.

From this discussion, it will be seen that, as soon as experiment is carried far enough, an exact science of Bookteriology will be the result. Even now, the specialist in the children's room of the public library can give parents many simple home remedies for such juvenile book ailments as "abnormal taste", "adventurous fever", "sensitive nerves", "romantic measles", "practical restlessness", "the movie thirst", "brain anæmia", "ethical deterioration",—all caused by the parent's not attending to the elementary dietary laws. The best possible medicine-chest a mother can have for such infant troubles is a bookshelf in the nursery, with a carefully selected row of red-blooded, energy-making, sympathy-creating poems, stories and legends. Looking on the bookshelves in the nurseries of many homes, with their low degrees of calories and proteins, I feel like marking the diluted material found there, "Poison, poison, poison!"

IN A CITY PARK

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WE laughed together in the sunset glow
On the cool slope. Across the grassy flat
We saw him coming toward us, in his hand
A bunch of late wild violets held tight.
Slowly and wearily he walked and fanned
His wistful sallow face with his straw hat.
He looked long at us—then upon a stone
At the hill's foot, he rested with his head
Bowed in the shelter of his hands, alone,
While the sky darkened and the moon shone white.
I wanted to go down to where he sat
And say to him—*Brother, I know; I know!*
I would have gone, had I not also known
That hidden face could not be comforted
Save by God's patient ministers, the years.
When he went away into the night
My heart went with him step for step; I knew
That from the same eternal spring, Life drew
Our laughter and his tears.

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WHILE the three hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrim landing has brought forth many and various books on those pioneer days, thinking men and women of today are more apt to read with serious interest a book which applies our past history to our present needs, a book like "The New Frontier", by Guy Emerson. For, in the last analysis, the history of the past can be important only in so far as it bears on our present needs and future hopes. Mr. Emerson is, apparently, a very modern, hard-working, quick-thinking young man. The youngest bank vice-president in New York at the time of his election to the National Bank of Commerce in 1916, he had already done big things in national affairs. He was the founder of the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League and secretary and moving spirit of the Liberty Loan publicity campaign in the 2nd Federal Reserve District. His first literary endeavor, "The New Frontier", soon to be published by Henry Holt and Company, is quite evidently the product of a close study of affairs governmental and—to use a clumsy term—sociological. In it he points out a rather original analogy between the wilderness our forefathers had to combat and the new and trackless frontier of national and international problems upon whose borders we now stand. In their conquest we will, he claims, need the same imagination and originality of treatment, the same keenness of mind and stoutness of heart that brought our grandfathers and their grandfathers before them through to victory. Undoubtedly Mr. Emerson is right—everyone will agree with him there. But unfortunately the pioneer's moccasin will not accommodate the corns and bunions of our present woes. The author is a pronounced liberal and sets as his axiom, for both men and governments, "Keep the middle of the road". He is again undoubtedly right, but where, alas, is the middle of the road? To the liberal it is between the radical and the conservative; to the conservative, between the liberal and the reactionary; to the reactionary, between the conservative and—let us say—the founding of Christianity. This new frontier has neither roads nor trails. While there are many who will not concede to Mr. Emerson his conclusions, his major premises are, praises be, unassailable. The United States of today *has* the stamina of the old pioneers; its hundred millions do still seek the same liberty of person and spirit for which they sought; we *will*, by the grace of God and much struggle, assure the continuance of the same high principles which were their goal in other, simpler days.

* * * *

Working toward a solution of the same problems considered by Mr. Emerson, but more concretely, Otto H. Kahn is publishing through George

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H. Doran Company a book on "Our Economic and Other Problems". Mr. Kahn limits himself to a careful study of the nation's present ills, and goes with characteristic directness to the sorest points. Speaking of the railroads he says, "When the Government undertakes business, the result usually is that it does indeed become an 'undertaker'.... The two things, i. e., private management and permanent Government guarantee of earnings, are simply not reconcilable. The railroads cannot eat their cake and have it. You cannot rent your house to some one and then expect to be master in your house.... Why unnecessarily bid up the price against ourselves by extending the scope of governmental activities beyond the field which naturally belongs to them?" He is no less frank in his attitude toward our present system of taxation. "Wrong economics, however well intentioned, have been more fruitful of harm to the people than almost any other single act of government.... Enterprise is hampered by the taxation now in force and thereby production retarded.... The excess profit tax and, by reason of the kind and manner of its graduation, the income tax, instead of promoting restraint in expenditures, are rather breeders of extravagance.... It lays a heavy and clumsy hand on successful business activity. It is grossly inequitable in its effects. It puts a fine on energy, enterprise and efficiency. It is bound to operate unfairly, freakishly, and unevenly, and greatly enhance the cost of things.... A small committee of well-informed men of different callings, approaching their task free from political, social and sectional bias, would not find it a formidable undertaking to evolve a measure which, while fully responsive to the dictates of equity and social justice, would produce no less revenue than the taxation now in force, and yet would be far less burdensome upon the country, less hampering to enterprise and less productive of economic disturbance and dislocation." His chapters on the League of Nations, capital and labor, and living costs are equally to the point. (I personally regret that a eulogy on Edward Henry Harriman and several chapters on the Arts should spoil the continuity of an otherwise right-to-the-spot book.)

* * * *

Two books of fiction whose only claim to conjunctive consideration is their "oppositeness" are "A Mating in the Wilds" by Ottwell Binns (Knopf) and Catherine Carswell's prize novel "Open the Door" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). They will not both appeal to the same class of readers: indeed, I cannot conceive of any one person enjoying both. "A Mating in the Wilds" is a romance of the Hudson Bay Country, a very poor romance, combining all the stereotyped thrills of all the northern stories written since the Glacial Era. The end is obvious, a case of "the queen to play and mate in one move".

"Open the Door", as I said, is the opposite of Mr. Binns's story. "A Mating in the Wilds" shows clearly the sugary influence of the *cinema Americana,* while the other is the undiluted product of the school of English realism. It is, briefly, the story of a girl's pendulum swing from the conventionality of a too narrow childhood to the unconventionality of a too liberal womanhood, with successive swings from one to the other until she finds at last her "point of rest". As a story it is assuredly "true to life", it is not occupied with sex to the exclusion of everything else, and it

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opens up a new line of thought—that the road to true knowledge sometimes parallels the "primrose path". For a beginner Miss Carswell has done Joanna well. She shows with convincing logic her development from a self-engrossed girl, through the phases of a strange marriage and a strange relationship to a married man, to a final understanding of the world and her rightful place in it. Miss Carswell suffers from the error of many beginners, that of becoming so interested in her characters that she cannot forego the pleasure of putting down on paper every minute, dull or not, of their lives.

* * * *

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a new book on Bolshevism—that much bedraggled subject—by no less a person than Miliukov. "Bolshevism, An International Danger" deserves special attention because of the prominent position of the author in Russia's struggle for liberty. Miliukov has stood out during these turbulent years as one of the few Russians with vision enough to comprehend the true condition of affairs. In the preface of his new book he says: "The truth is that Bolshevism has two aspects, one international, the other genuinely Russian. The international aspect of Bolshevism is due to its origin in every advanced European theory. Its purely Russian aspect is concerned with its practice, which is deeply rooted in Russian reality and, far from breaking with the 'ancient regime' reasserts Russia's part in the present."

* * * *

The statement that "while it is all right to call a spade, a spade, it isn't necessary to call it a bloody shovel", applies to George Creel's story of "The War, the World and Wilson", announced for publication by Harper and Brothers. Mr. Creel's progress through life—and literature—resembles closely that of a tank which, spouting fire and smoke, shot and shell, goes forward over trench and wire, trees and streams with a deadly persistency that only complete annihilation can stop. There is nothing half-way in his defense of Wilson's war and treaty policy, nothing to relieve the steady roar of his attack on all who are unfortunate enough to oppose the President. A feeling of warm personal regard for Mr. Creel cannot prevent me from believing that he would be a better friend to Wilson if he were less of an enemy of all critics of the administration, both within and without the true fold. Here is a sample of his high explosive: "The Allies owe us an amount well above ten billions of dollars. Without a League of Nations...the United States will never receive a cent of interest, much less a dollar of the principal.... The defeat of the treaty was the bitter and unchanging resolve of Senator Lodge and his fellow partisans from the very first. The ten months of haggle had no other purpose than the poisoning of the public mind by every variety of falsehood, every appeal to prejudice that could be devised by unscrupulous minds." Mr. Lansing, he says, "was never anything but a disappointment. The President might have endured dullness, but Mr. Lansing's utter inability to think in terms of the twentieth century made his elimination desirable." He damns General Wood in a few brief remarks. "It is by his uncanny ability to create these exaggerations (regarding his achievements) that Wood rose above the average to which he seemed doomed by his mediocrities, and is today a national figure. It is doubtful if in all history there is a

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record of anything so utterly incredible as the story of Leonard Wood." Keynes's "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" he calls "a brutal attack on England's Allies". The din of the whole book, as I have said, is terrific, numbing the brain and leaving one with a sense of monstrous calamity and senseless destruction.

* * * *

Clement Wood, already well known as a poet, has written his first novel, "Mountain", soon to be published by E. P. Dutton and Company. It is a powerful story of the greed and exploitation, the futile effort and misplaced courage incidental to a great strike. Mr. Wood writes well. He knows his people intimately, particularly the colored men and women whose destinies are caught up in the fate of the "mountain" of iron ore that is the basis of the story.

* * * *

The first detailed treatment of Einstein's theory of relativity as applied to space and time is scheduled for July publication by the Oxford University Press. It is written by Moritz Schlink, and translated into English by Henry L. Brose. Of the importance of Einstein's analyses it is only necessary to say that all the fundamentals of Newtonian physics as applied to time and space must be retaught; and the present work deals not only with the fundamental principles of the theories themselves but with their effect on our present conceptions and with their practical application.

* * * *

John Lane Company expect to publish next month a long novel by Dolf Wyllard entitled "Temperament". The story is very similar to "Open the Door" by Catherine Carswell, being centred about a girl who considered the world well lost for the sake of a love unsanctioned by society. To my mind it savors too much of the conventional tragedy of unconventional love. Why should unmarried women always die in child-birth in stories of this type?

* * * *

A story of buried treasure called rather misleadingly "Follow the Little Pictures" is to be published soon by Little, Brown and Company. The plot is based on the legend of a large chest of gold which, originally intended as a present to the young Pretender in 1745, was hidden by Hamish Tanish in Scotland when the plans of the young prince went awry. For an hour's relaxation "Follow the Little Pictures" is excellent reading.

* * * *

"The Invisible Foe" by Louise Jordan Miln is interesting from a publishing viewpoint in that it is the effort of a publisher to put out new fiction at a "popular" price. Frederick A. Stokes Company will retail this book at a dollar and a quarter. Whether this innovation will be successful from a financial standpoint remains to be seen; as for the book, it is by the author of "Mr. Wu", and concerns after-death communication.

* * * *

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish next month a new novel by the author of "The Branding Iron". This latest story of Katharine Newlin Burt's, "Hidden Creek", follows closely the lines of her other book. Miss Burt has another claim to fame, that of having begun to write—like Daisy Ashford and the young hopeful whose story has been appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly"—at an age when most children were being taken for the first time to kindergarten.

—S. M. R.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in May in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
4. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
6. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Woman Triumphant	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3. September	*Frank Swinnerton*	DORAN
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The House of Baltazar	*William J. Locke*	LANE

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Briant Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4. A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Haunted Bookshop	*Christopher Morley*	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
4. September	*Frank Swinnerton*	DORAN
5. A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
6. The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
6. A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3. A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON
4. Father Duffy's Story	*Francis P. Duffy*	DORAN
5. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
6. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6. South	*Sir Ernest Shackleton*	MACMILLAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
4. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5. "Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5. Father Duffy's Story	*Francis P. Duffy*	DORAN
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

WESTERN STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
2. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
4. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

RECENTLY the Gossip Shop has been looking over book affairs in San Francisco. We were struck at once by the number of bookstores in this place for anything like a city of its size.

We wandered first by chance into the place of Paul Elder and Company —commonly called "Paul Elder's" in San Francisco. It is a shop of the pleasant attractiveness of design which we would expect to find inhabited by the man who got up the format of the Paul Elder books—though we do not mean to at all imply that the atmosphere of æstheticism is here laid on with a trowel. In Mr. Elder's guest-book we signed our name thus, "Murray Hill, New York City, In good health", on a page already inscribed as follows:

Yone Noguchi. Nakano. Happy to return to California.
Hugh Walpole. Garrick Club, London. Delighted to be here *at last!*
Coningsby Dawson. New York.
Oliver Lodge, England. Full of admiration for this great State.

We referred to Mr. Elder's place as a shop. He has the whole of a little building. One of the upper floors is constructed as a lecture room. Here have recently appeared, in Saturday afternoon talks: Peter Clark Macfarlane, Dr. Henry Frank, and Frederick O'Brien, among others. One afternoon during our stay in San Francisco Robert Cortes Holliday talked in the Paul Elder gallery (to a capacity house) on authors he has met, and gave other gossip of the publishing offices.

Coningsby Dawson, by the way, we are informed, has just bought a place at San Diego, California.

Theodore Dreiser, we hear, is at the present writing in Los Angeles.

To continue about San Francisco bookstores: we found our way next to the place of A. M. Robertson, here commonly called "Robertson's", and the proprietor of which is popularly hailed as "Alec". Good bookstore. Mr. Robertson is, to some extent, a publisher as well as a bookseller, and is particularly interested in issuing books about California.

The book division of the excellent department store here called The White House we pronounce upon in the most favorable way. And we also highly approve of the friendliness and good book-sense of its buyer.

The Emporium, another large department store, also has a book division of considerable size. The Methodist Book Concern has extensive quarters out in the neighborhood of the San Francisco Public Library. A startling feature of this place is a mammoth electric sign, mounted on the roof and extending across the length of the building, which reads: "House of Good Books".

Across what in London would be called a little court from Paul Elder's (and what in Indianapolis would be called a little alley) is the Old Book Shop. A place of really distinctive

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character, dealing mainly in collectors' volumes. Then there is Newbegin's, new books and old books; then there is John Howell, rare books; Potter Brothers Company, wholesale and retail agency for several New York publishing houses; the Holmes Book Company, marked-down bookstore; the sizable French Book Store; and various smaller dealers in foreign books. In Berkeley a gentleman of the name of Mr. Somers runs a store several rooms in size, dealing in both new books and rare books. And in Oakland, we understand, are still other places.

We were much pleased to discover the popularity in San Francisco of several writers who are personal friends of ours; among them: Messrs. Walpole, Morley, McFee, and Holliday.

Amy Lowell has recently been made honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Columbia University. On this interesting occasion she read before the chapter her new 8,000-word poem "Many Swans Sun Myth of the American Indians" (to be printed soon in "The North American Review"). This poem is based on an Indian legend in the original Kathlamet text, which it seems is very hard to get at in translation—for only three people in the world speak Kathlamet (the Gossip Shop has their addresses). While the symbolism of the poem is Indian, the framework and the incidents are the poet's. The work has the unique quality of Miss Lowell's other legends: it is the work of a sophisticated poet but at the same time has childlike naïveté and very real passion. When Miss Lowell was a "little girl", the Indians sweeping along the streets of a New Mexico town impressed her unforgettably. Also she had two sun-strokes while in the town—and, altogether, she said she loved that sort of thing.

Miss Lowell has just attended by special invitation the Diamond Anniversary of Baylor Universary, Texas, and has been the recipient of its Lit.D. (her first degree). Moreover with her were Harriet Monroe, Edwin Markham, and Vachel Lindsay.

In a few months Miss Lowell's collected prose essays (of which "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists" appeared in THE BOOKMAN for April, 1919) will be published; also a book of her collected legends. Her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" is out of print. An English publisher is bringing out "Salmagundi" with other poems to follow.

Already news comes from Paris of much ado over the sixth Dante centennial which falls on September 14, 1921. Church and state bestir themselves to honor "Noster Dantes". It is said that Ravenna, the city of the poet's death, will be the centre of the religious ceremony, and that Catholics throughout the world will observe the day. In a recent number of the "Revue Universelle" is a study of Dante by Cardinal Mercier, and other publications are reported to be forthcoming—notably "L'edizione critica della Divinia Commedia" which Giuseppe Vandelli was working on in 1907. A new translation of the "Divine Comedy" by the scholar and poet André Pératé has also been announced. The Librairie de l'Art Catholique expects to issue shortly a bulletin of unpublished works on Dante; and the Willard Fiske Dante collection at Cornell University (said by a French expert to be the finest in the world), is already preparing to issue a supplement to its first Dante catalogue of

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1900, anticipating the coming anniversary.

It is said that Johan Bojer's two weeks' visit in New York is to result in a novel of American life, and in the early Broadway production of "The Power of a Lie", "The Eyes of Love", and "Sigurd Braa".

In the current number of "The Dublin Review" (and reprinted in "The Living Age") is an article on Herman Melville in general and "Moby Dick" in particular, by Viola Meynell (daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell and author of "Second Marriage" recently published in America). After quoting freely from the text of "Moby Dick", Miss Meynell comments:

> What is quoted here is but a hint of the Shakespearean grandeur of Ahab.... If these quotations did not make the reader tremble with what is given to him, it is because in the book alone and not to be pulled out by fingerfulls, that revelation awaits him.... Readers of the book will see that this is the greatest of the sea writers, whom even Conrad must own as master. Barrie confessedly owes him his Captain Cook. Great isolated fame Herman Melville must have in many an individual mind which, having once known him, is then partly made of him forever. But how little "Moby Dick" is known, is exemplified by a writer in the "Times" Literary Supplement who, in a clever article on Herman Melville, did not even mention this book, as if his fame rested on that better-known and comparatively how insignificant alone, "Typee" and "Omoo". Though "Moby Dick" has been published in England and has been included in Everyman series, it is at present out of print.

Even a Melville fan must smile a little at such fever-heat of enthusiasm.

The first edition of the much-discussed "Poems of a Little Girl", by the eight-year-old daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, is for grownups. The portrait on the jacket of the book is that of a thoroughly normal little girl; but the frontispiece by James Chapin (who we recall did the Robert Frost and other frontispieces) is an attempt to follow the old masters, and metamorphoses Hilda into a pathological child. On looking at the two pictures, one thinks: if this is the effect of writing, don't write! It is surmised that a second edition, for children, minus the frontispiece and special introduction, and with line drawings, would be welcome. It would make a charming book for Christmas and birthdays. Children love "Little Snail" and "Velvets" and some of the others, we are told.

Two German novels written before the war and at that time suppressed by the imperial censor, have now been brought out. "Der Untertan" and "Die Armen" deal, respectively, with the middle class and the lower classes of Germany. They are the work of Heinrich Mann, a delineator of German character, whose novels have a widespread sale in his own country.

Readers of Georges Duhamel's war books will be surprised to learn that his latest work is a satirical comedy. "L'Œuvre des Athlètes", recently launched with success in Paris, has provoked comparison of the author with Molière.

The play portrays the havoc wrought in a placid middle-class family by the arrival of a cousin who proceeds to establish in their midst a salon of "serious thinkers". One by one the family succumb to the dictator, the only member preserving a sane balance being the son of the house. That luckless soul, unable to endure the snobbish atmosphere engendered, is forced to flee to Patagonia.

Announcement has been made of the Pulitzer prizes in letters, of $1,000 each (awarded by the School

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of Journalism of Columbia University), for the year past. Albert Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" is considered "the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people". "The War with Mexico" by Justin H. Smith ranks as "the best book upon the history of the United States". And the award for "the original play, performed in New York, which best represents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners" goes to Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon", which was brought out in book form closely following its production. The prize for the best novel is this year omitted, since in the opinion of the judges none of the volumes under consideration merits this distinction.

That serious-minded person who writes page 36 in "Land and Water" each week, has been of late reading the fashion magazines. He devotes his attention in a recent issue to a burlesque of caption writing for fashion-plates, presenting a party of refugees from bolshevist Odessa, all wearing Messrs. Orange's spring fashions. "The little blocks of affected prose underneath disgusting pictures of incredibly ugly women with no noses, only one eye, attitudinizing, and all scratching" are bad enough, he concludes, if they stick to prose. But lately they have blossomed into vers libre, like this:

> On one side, the tulle whisks and flares,
> Licked by little plumes of flame.
> And everywhere groups of bead petals
> Shower their fringes of flame, frosted dull.

The writer is afraid males may catch the plague, and reflects that it would be dreadful if one had to read pagefuls of poetry before one bought one's trousers. Like this:

> Brown, brown are the dainty trousers
> With a little stripe
> A stripe of Green,
> Green, because of the spring,
> Green, because it is the time of Youth.
> The bottoms of course are turned up.
> And like a necklet of lovers' eyes
> The braces' buttons
> Circle the top
> In a Wistful ring.
> Messrs. Thompson and Smith
> Have done this thing.
> The price is ten guineas
> And they are cheap at that.
> Who could resist their lure?
> Sing hey, for Spring, Ting-a-ling.

This page "More Atrocities" elbows J. C. Squire on one side, and Hilaire Belloc on the other.

Though heralded two months ago by a reviewer, the anthology of "The Great Modern American Stories" edited with a "reminiscent introduction" by William Dean Howells has just put in a belated appearance—due to the printing plates being sidetracked between Albany and New York (doubtless to the chagrin of the enterprising publishers). This volume is the third to appear in the Great Modern Story Series of French, English, American, German, and Russian collections.

Of freshest interest in the volume is Mr. Howells's chapter of introduction in which he recalls the days, more or less distant, when he first made acquaintance with one and another of the two dozen tales he has now brought together. Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me", read at twenty, caused him, sick, to laugh himself back into health. H. J.'s "A Passionate Pilgrim" was a "young" work proffered to the "Atlantic" undereditor. Mary Wilkins's "The Revolt of Mother", Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Courting of Sister Wisby", and Alice Brown's "Told in the Poorhouse" he groups together as the work of "the unrivalled sisters three...great ar-

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tists working always in simple and native stuff". Edith Wharton's "The Mission of Jane" he presents to "such elect as could rejoice in the portrayal of the perfect and entire dullness of Jane and her equally dull admirer". Cable's "Jean-ah Poquelin" he recalls in a dramatic reading by Mark Twain, —the best reader he ever heard, but of "transcendent bashfulness". Aldrich's "Mlle. Olympe Zabriski" is second choice after that author's "Marjorie Daw"; Mr. Howells confesses that he is not immune to the trials of the anthologist to whom the publisher refuses open sesame in the use of copyrighted material.

Opinions, of course, differ as to the choice of stories in the anthology. Brander Matthews looks in vain for something by Irvin Cobb in the selection. "Surely", he says, "the tale of Judge Priest's officiating at the funeral of the fallen woman is not inferior in beauty to 'Aunt Sanna Terry' or to 'Mlle. Olympe Zabriski', clever as that is and brilliant as it is in its metallic lustre."

A letter from Joseph I. C. Clarke has just drifted into the Gossip Shop, in which he tells of a literary adventure of his in what he calls "Conradese" or "volcanoes and cigar ends". Mr. Clark has filled the shoes of both editor and author:

Dwelling temporarily in midland Cuba, one solaces a hot afternoon with a turning over of the books in the airy parlor of the *casa de vivenda*. Here I came upon "Lord Jim" by Conrad, and then "Victory" by the same exalted spinner of deliberate yarns. So, a pleasant time with two old friends. The next day arrived with the mail a pile of magazines. I opened "Harper's" for March and lighted on a phrase: *"marooning himself on that infernal island and seemingly content to spend his days there."* Well, well, I thought, the school has loosed itself upon the world. Conrad out of Stevenson with Kipling trimmings. But no: it read on like pure Conrad of the later type,—not quite so deliberate perhaps. Who knows? Conrad gone a step further backward toward Stevenson? I turned over the pages of "The Judgment of Vulcan" to the beginning; there I found another man's name.

That evening I was haunted by the thought that the "Vulcan" story was more than an echo of Conrad in the tropical seas, so I took it up and read it again. At its very beginning I found this:

"By day the Pacific is a vast stretch of blue, flat like a floor, with a blur of distant islands on the horizon—chief among them Muloa, with its single volcanic cone tapering off into the sky. At night this smithy of Vulcan becomes a glow of red, throbbing faintly against the darkness, a capricious and sullen beacon immeasurably removed from the path of men. Viewed from the veranda of the Marine Hotel, its vast flare on the horizon seems hardly more than an insignificant spark, like the glowing cigar-end of some guest strolling in the garden after dinner."

My mind turned back to that passage with an insistence that would have pleased Conrad. Taking up "Victory" before smoking my own last cigar for the evening, I came suddenly on this:

"His nearest neighbor—I am speaking now of things showing some sort of animation—was an indolent volcano which smoked faintly all day, and at night levelled at him, from amongst the clear stars, a dull red glow, expanding and collapsing spasmodically like the end of a gigantic cigar puffed at intermittently in the dark. Axel Heyst was also a smoker; and when he lounged out on his veranda with his cheroot, the last thing before going to bed, he made in the night the same sort of glow and of the same size as that other one so many miles away."

I slept more comfortably for finding this. How often does the same doubt, the same semi-certainty assail the readers of manuscripts nowadays. All varieties of style are pounced upon, and the excellence of the imitation is apt to be startling. It was one of my troubles years and years ago when I edited a literary paper; it was one of the great worries of the staff. Let an article or story appear with some streaks of new light in it, and in about three weeks to a month would come a flood of wonderful imitations. What must it be now? My sympathies to the editor of "Harper's". Let the author of the "Vulcan" story consider "Lord Jim".

A fable recounting the story of the war has recently appeared in France: "Le Responsable", by Léon M. O. Gurékian. Herein England is the elephant, France the bull, Italy the fox, Germany the wild-boar, Austria the wolf, Turkey the mule. Russia re-

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mains the bear, but the United States becomes the pelican. Serbia and Austria are represented by the squirrel and the ermine.

G. B. S., it seems, has spoken on the ethics of the filming of plays, apropos of his own recent noble refusal of $1,000,000 for the motion-picture rights of all his plays:

> I am not yet convinced that a film version of a play does not seriously deprecate the value of the acting version. It has done so in several cases known to me and if I go into the filming business at all I shall possibly write specially for the screen.

What will a boy enjoy reading before his teens (*not* what do his parents and teachers think he should read)? An expert has made out the following list of twenty-five books, with the note that he has omitted "Robinson Crusoe" and other pedagogical favorites:

The Story of a Bad Boy	Aldrich
The Young Trailers	Altsheler
For the Honor of the School	Barbour
Track's End	Carruth
Boys of '76	Coffin
Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel	Chittenden
The Boy Scout, and Other Stories	Davis
The Hoosier Schoolboy	Eggleston
High Benton	Heyliger
On the Trail of Washington	Hill
A Boy's Town	Howells
Boy Life on the Prairie	Garland
Tom Brown's School Days	Hughes
The Jungle Books	Kipling
The Boy's King Arthur	Lanier
Careers of Danger and Daring	Moffett
The Land of Fair Play	Parsons
Men of Iron	Pyle
Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	Bishop
Hero Tales from American History	Roosevelt and Lodge
Paul Jones	Seawell
Black Arrow	Stevenson
Penrod	Tarkington
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer	Twain
Being a Boy	Warner

What the boy will like to read during his early teens is suggested in another list of twenty-five titles, with the same skilful eluding of the academic:

The Perfect Tribute	Andrews
The Sun of Saratoga	Altsheler
Guynemer, Knight of the Air	Bordeaux
That Year at Lincoln High	Gollomb
The Sign of Freedom	Goodrich
Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt	Hagedorn
The First Hundred Thousand	Hay
Whirligigs	Henry
The Varmint	Johnson
The Border Legion	Grey
The Long Roll	Johnstone
Captains Courageous	Kipling
George Washington	Lodge
Boys' Life of Edison	Meadowcroft
Wild Life on the Rockies	Mills
The Story of My Boyhood and Youth	Muir
Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man	Morgan
Campus Days	Paine
The Oregon Trail	Parkman
An American in the Making	Ravage
The Making of an American	Riis
Kidnapped	Stevenson
Ramsey Milholland	Tarkington
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn	Twain
The Forest	White

What the same boy will be required to read and discuss during the last two years of his college course (if he happens to be a candidate for general honors at Columbia University) is, experimentally, as follows:

Homer	Shakespeare
Herodotus	Cervantes
Thucydides	Bacon
Æschylus	Milton
Sophocles	Molière
Euripides	Hume
Aristophanes	Montesquieu
Plato	Voltaire
Aristotle	Rousseau
Lucretius	Adam Smith
Virgil	Lessing
Horace	Kant
Plutarch	Schiller
Marcus Aurelius	Gœthe
St. Augustine	Macaulay
The Nibelungenlied	Victor Hugo
The Song of Roland	Hegel
St. Thomas Aquinas	Darwin
Dante	Lyell
Petrarch	Tolstoi
Montaigne	Nietzsche

News comes from England of a boom in the Tarzan novels. It seems that the ape-man went over very

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quietly at first but that he soon caught on, and is now being shown around the country in films.

Much lively comment has been provoked in French literary circles by a discussion in "Le Figaro" of the nouveau-riche bibliophile, by Eugène Montfort. We quote a portion of M. Montfort's lament:

Nothing is so depressing nowadays as a glance at the catalogue of a rare book dealer. The prices are absurd, totally out of proportion to the value of the books (i. e., literary and commercial value). They produce in one a two-fold melancholy conviction: first, of the materialistic spirit of the dealer; second, of the ignorance and stupidity of the purchaser.... Upon examining these booksellers' catalogues, one discovers the bibliophilic discredit into which have sunk the great authors of the nineteenth century. One can buy an original edition of the "Physiologie du Mariage" or of "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" for fifty francs. Our nouveaux-riches will have nothing to do with Balzac and Victor Hugo. These authors are too old-fashioned for them. What they want (and this taste is ingeniously fostered in them by the dealers, since it can more easily be satisfied, and to advantage) is the modern authors, the most modern, those of the day, even those of the morrow,—writers whom their wives or their daughters may hear discussed in the salons. Most amusing of all is their choice of authors, a proof of the degree to which the purchasers are exploited by the dealers.

A copy of the original edition of "Visage émerveillé" by Mme. de Noailles may be had for the trifling sum of thirty-five francs; "Les Déracinés" and "Colette Baudoche" by Barrès, for twenty-five francs; "La Terre" by Zola, for thirty francs, and "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" by Mirbeau, for twenty francs.... On the other hand, if you are an admirer of "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" by André Gide, you can secure a copy on Holland paper, but it will cost you six hundred francs.... We do not for an instant suppose that an author or a group of authors has formed an alliance with a syndicate of booksellers.... It is simply a matter of speculation among the dealers.

A story of how an editor got rich has been wafted to our ears, and we pass it on for the edification of that deserving profession:

He started poor as a proverbial church mouse twenty years ago. He has now retired with a comfortable fortune of $50,000.

This money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle, who left the editor $49,999.50.

In Congress the other day a list was submitted showing the vocations of persons having the largest incomes in the United States prior to 1918. Authors were not at the top, but they made a fair showing. Out of fifteen authors, editors, and reporters, one earned $500,000; one $300,000; one, $250,000; two, $200,000; and eight, $100,000.

These figures should interest political economists (like Mr. Keynes whose "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" is said to have broken all sales-records for serious books, and who is now writing a second volume dealing with the financial problems of the treaty).

In "La Poésie Scientifique, de 1750 à Nos Jours" M. Fusil traces the reaction of poets to scientific discoveries and hypotheses. The author defines "scientific poetry" as that which presents the "emotional side" of the facts of science.

John M. Siddall, the busy editor of that energetic periodical, "The American Magazine", was the other day waylaid by that dallier, the Gossip Shop, to sound his ideas on the moot question as to what opportunities the popular magazines offer to young writers today. Whereupon Mr. Siddall vouchsafed the following:

"The big thing, it seems to me, is that writers get through the popular magazines a great and inspiring audience. And in order to appeal to that audience they *must* write live human stuff, full of real interest. If they

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don't—their contributions won't be printed. For that reason the popular magazines force writers to think about life, not about trivialities and the small subtleties that receive only academic interest from a few readers. There is no opportunity for a young writer to achieve a wide reputation, based on good workmanship and knowledge of the *real* drama of human life, equal to that offered by the magazine with a wide circulation.

"This whole thing comes right down to the question—what is the use of writing anyhow? It seems to me that there is little use of writing unless you make the effort to get your message to as many people as possible. Here is where some will differ with me. They think that certain ideas are so wonderful that the 'general run of people' won't 'get them'. I have absolutely no sympathy with that notion. I believe that the very best ideas in the world will reach the many if those ideas are clearly expressed. And when they *are* clearly expressed I believe that you have the greatest writing. This does not mean that all the widely read stuff in the world is good and worth while. Human beings read all sorts of things—just as they eat all sorts of things—some that are substantial, and some that are froth. But to say that only a few enjoy the substantial is bosh.

"In our egotism we continually exaggerate the superiority of our own intellects over those of our fellows. We think that we know it all—and particularly do we think that we comprehend things better than our neighbors. Yet the great experiences of life are common to all. And the great experiences of life are what give us such understanding as we have. Does anybody think he has a patent on love, hate, aspiration, struggle, courage, cowardice, depression, exaltation—and all the rest? Yet these are the materials out of which the greatest writings are made.

"Normal, healthy human beings come nearer being equal in understanding than we realize. The great difference between people is in their ambition—not in their intelligence. I see people who are a thousand times as ambitious as others—people who achieve ten thousand times as much as others. When it comes down to understanding the essential things of life, however, I see variations, but I do not find them overwhelming.

"Getting back to the popular magazines—every new generation of writers reworks the same human materials in fresh terms suitable to its own day. Literature always has a timely flavor. Even Dante in 'The Divine Comedy' is journalistic; to understand him you have to learn by hard study about people and events familiar to the people of that time. The matter of preservation for future readers is always in the lap of the gods.

"The first test of a writer is to grip and hold the people of his own time—the more of them the better. The popular magazine now offers an opportunity for this initial test such as never existed before and with chances of returns in both money and esteem undreamed of in the past."

One of the recent articles on Mrs. Humphry Ward (and their name is legion) devoted its first several hundred words to the prestige of the Arnold family-tree in its various and sundry ramifications. The most youthful scion of that house to take up its famous tradition of letters is Aldous Huxley, grand-nephew of Matthew Arnold and, logically, nephew of Mrs. Ward. Mr. Huxley's first book to be

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published in America, "Limbo", a collection of short stories just out, indicates that he may prove worthy of his forebears. It has this provocative comment in "The English Review":

The Varsity still lies across the pages of these stories—patent-leather erudition, that is; but there is more than this...he is poet as well as sociologist. He has perceptions. He is a reformer; plays curiously and effectively on man's dual personality.... Mr. Huxley is the new European. Like all these young war writers, he has no illusions. Will they create? This writer, at least, opens with definite promise.

That even the mildest of feminists, on reading Le Clerc Phillips's article in the May BOOKMAN, "Women of Mark and Their Education", feels moved to rise and speak out in meeting, is the declaration of Clara F. McIntyre of the University of Wyoming, who has jumped to the conclusion that the author is a man, and demands: "What of the men of mark?"

One may say (Miss McIntyre adds) that Mr. Phillips's main conclusion—that the higher education of women does not produce literary genius—is so sound as to be almost axiomatic. But what eludes me is his excuse for pouncing upon this obvious truth and serenely ignoring another equally obvious,—that the higher education of men, also, fails to produce literary genius.

Moreover, by his description of the "pale, earnest, and bespectacled young women from Girton and Newnham", the writer gives his paper the sound of something distinctly out of date. At least, it is so by American standards. If he had the pleasure of attending a "formal" at almost any college or university in the country, he would find there an array of charming—and reasonably plump—femininity which would do honor to a débutante ball. In fact, the danger in our institutions of learning no longer lies—if it ever did lie there—in the tendency of young women to become unattractive and neglectful of social duties in their strenuous devotion to study, but rather in the inclination to turn a college career into a season of social triumphs.

He says we have had no great woman novelist since George Eliot. Very true, but have we had any man novelist whom we could put side by side with Dickens and Thackeray? The great three of the mid-nineteenth century are still the great three, although many able writers, both men and women, have followed.

As for education George Eliot, probably, of the three, knew the most of books, though, it is true, she did not read her books in the shelter of university walls. Thackeray had the conventional university education, but we cannot help feeling that his books show more reflection of his life as a law student in the Middle Temple and as a student of art in Paris. And Dickens,—we all know the conditions from which he pulled himself up; his desultory reading, his hard schooling in the city streets.

Go back to the other "big three"—to Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Fielding was the only one who had a university education, and that was incomplete. Smollett was apprenticed to a medical practitioner and sailed as a surgeon's mate. Richardson claimed only a common-school education, and yet, though it is old-fashioned and almost forgotten today, "Clarissa Harlowe" is one of the great books of the world. To be sure Fielding gives a broader, sounder, saner view of the world than Richardson or Smollett; but we cannot tell how much his academic experience had to do with it.

The two most important of the later men, Meredith and Hardy, are not of university training. Meredith, we are told, was mainly self-educated; he attended for a while a German school near Coblenz, and was articled to a lawyer. Hardy had private tuition in Latin and Greek, and attended some evening classes at King's College, London. We know that Stevenson was his own best teacher; that Scott received only a small share of his rich equipment of historical and literary lore in university classes.

Among the men writing novels today, as among those of the past, we find diversity of training. Arnold Bennett's "higher education" consisted in the study of law, a study which he abandoned, however, to take up editorial work. Galsworthy was an Oxford man. Mr. Wells received a college education—but one which was scientific rather than literary—at the Royal College of Science.

Mr. Phillips quotes us many famous French women who reached literary distinction without education in its formal sense. We can quote him in turn at least two famous French men whose distinction owed nothing to regular university training: Dumas, who was apprenticed to a notary, and, like the poor prentice of romance, went to Paris with twenty francs in his pocket; and Balzac, who studied law for three years.

The Poetry Society of America offers the William Lindsey Prize of $500 for the best unproduced and unpublished full length poetic play (that is, a play that will occupy an evening) written by an American citizen. No

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restrictions are placed upon the number of acts or scenes, or on the nature of the subject matter. The judges of the contest will be George Arliss, Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, Clayton Hamilton, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker. The contest closes July 1, 1921.

The prize of $500 for the best volume of poems written by an American citizen, which the Poetry Society has for the past two seasons given through Columbia University, will this year be awarded directly by the Society. As the prize is not competitive but in the nature of an award, books need not be entered for it as in the ordinary prize competition. The judges for the present season are Professor John Livingston Lowes of Harvard, author of "Convention and Revolt in Poetry"; Edwin Arlington Robinson; and Alice Corbin Henderson, associate editor of "Poetry".

A sometime sophomore at the University of California, Hazel Havermale, in a letter to the Gossip Shop, gives her impressions on once seeing Rupert Brooke plain:

"It was during 1914 that Rupert Brooke came through California on his way home from the South Seas. I was a member of the small sophomore class in verse writing. We used to meet in a hideous, little room in rickety, old North Hall and used to have our 'efforts' read by a patient and enthusiastic young instructor who was always appearing abruptly with some newly-discovered poet under his arm. Not usually, however, was the appearance of the poet in more than octavo, and so when he walked in upon us one spring day with a tall young man under his arm, we knew he had brought us a live poet.

"The two men walked down the small room to the low platform and Brooke was seated with his face to the light. I remember noting that his yellow-brown hair was overlong and was brushed back from a thin face burned brown by tropical sunshine, a face from which a pair of eyes—light eyes, looked out calmly. We were all a little superciliously conscious of his soft, blue collar and general air of comfort; I remember that at that time we were absorbed in the theory that a poet should never be distinguishable from the multitude by his dress. I remember, too, that almost none of us had ever heard his name, and when the instructor presented Rupert Brooke of England, it made little impression on our sensibilities.

"He sat down at the desk, an ugly, yellow-varnished affair, and opened his small volume and began to read. At first the English intonation struck strangely on our western ears, but soon the mellow tone became even and flowing and we listened. He read 'The Fish', 'The Great Lover', and a number of others; he read some lovely things written while he was in the South Seas, poems, full of *tiarés* and murmuring seas, that I have never seen published. And all the time his body slid lower and lower in the cane-bottomed chair and his arms came down and down on the desk until his chin was resting almost on his book and his head was scarcely visible above the rim of the desk.

"It is not within my knowledge whether or not Rupert Brooke was in the habit of reading his verse publicly, but certainly his manner that time was tinged either with a real embarrassment or diffidence. His voice flowed on and on, and sank to a lower and lower key, as we sat forward to hear him. He did not often raise his eyes from the pages, but occasionally

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a flickering smile played over his face when he came to a line one could see he thought either good or humorous. When he read 'Menelaus and Helen' he frankly grinned. Certainly Brooke loved some of his verse, whether he loved to read it or not, and 'Grantchester' was the crowning and final performance. That he read with a gusto and feeling that had something of the homesick boy in it.

"The hour came sharply to a close; our instructor thanked him and he bowed in a half-offish and half-shy English manner. We walked out. I don't know why there was an awkward moment for us as we left. It seemed as if someone ought to say something; it seemed an abrupt ending and somehow ungracious. Only one of our number had the urbanity to wait and be presented as our instructor and Brooke came down the little room; the rest of us filed out and scattered to our various ways. I went to the library and thought I'd look up his book, but it was already gone. In fact, that small volume of his was worn and stamped many times before I got it several weeks later."

Frederick Niven has dropped into the ears of Simon Pure, who has passed the news on to the Gossip Shop, that he is off to Montreal and New York on his way to the western states, British Columbia, and Alaska. Mr. Niven, always original, is not lecturing. He is visiting old familiar haunts again. It is good to think that he does not get his material for his American books from the London movie shows or from a Pullman car window. As "Who's Who" says of him, he is a rolling stone, keen on all methods of travel, and his favorite recreation is seeing new places and revisiting remembered ones. His life up to this time has spanned a goodly segment of the globe, for he was born in Valparaiso, Chile, and educated in Glasgow. The scene of his new novel "A Tale That Is Told" (to be published in America in the fall) is not, like "The Lady of the Crossing", laid in America; it is a story of Scotland.

A friend of the Gossip Shop (Mary Blair of Highlands, California) writes her idea of Mr. Noah Webster at the ouija board, thus addressing W. R. B., after reading page 484 of the January BOOKMAN:

Do the dwarves ride over the rooves?—
O no!
The *dwarfs* ride over the *roofs!*
But if Mr. Benét
Elect to say
Anything that he likes in his own good way,
We never shall ask for proofs:
So the dwarves in scarves may infest the wharves
(For they never, no, never, do things by ha(r)lves!)
Let 'em stamp their hoofs
And gnash their toofs
Who meticulously demand as troofs
That dwarfs ride over the roofs—
O no!
That dwarves ride over the rooves!

"William—An Englishman", which a year ago won the French Academy prize of 20,000 francs as the best novel of the year published in any language, comes from a New York house (a strike delay). The author, Cicely Hamilton, is a London actress, journalist, and feminist lecturer. The book is an exquisitely satirical account of a young nonentity on the way to being a socialist; of his marriage to another nonentity, a young suffragist; of their honeymoon into Belgium where they wake overnight to the cataclysm on their doorstep. The rest is war, and the story closes sans heroine, sans hero, sans everything. But nothing is painful. It is told with a beautiful heartlessness.

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